THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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WICKLOW SCENERY.

Banim Gives Glowing Descriptions of the Beauties that Signalize "The Garden County" of Ireland.

Delightful Rest at a Country Home Among the Mountains.

WICKLOW.

April showers bring forth May flowers. Watching the process, and noting the wonderful verdure and floweriness of spring, it has occurred to me that to tourists of the land would a visit be so delightful, this month of the wild flowers, in the "Garden of Ireland"—Wicklow, where at a little while spent in the midst of soft scenery, its hills and its valleys, would renew happy memories, and be a good time in the early summer, before the tourists make their appearance in large those peaceful mountains.

Often wonder how it has come to pass that tourists have chosen as their season autumn, with its shortening days and evenings, instead of the young, fresh, beauty of April and May, when each brings new loveliness over the world; when the long days give time for explorings and mountains, and when the birds are bearing one company from to dark.

This is the time for Wicklow—that beautiful county that lies at our very door, a mile of which is so full of verdure, flowers, of such tender scenery—if I may use the adjective—that in Wicklow, in its quietest centre, seems set the heart of spring; a county that in one particular differs from most others. These have a few salient beauties; Wicklow is one lovely pleasure ground.

Of this loveliness, even the hurried visit can carry away a very fair idea of. know the country, its hidden beauties people and their home life, one can do as I did some time ago: stop at a house; go here and there as the fancy takes you; chat with the people; watch their daily lives; see them in their every dress, and make an every day acquaintance with the ins and outs, the ups and downs of country life, the hills and valleys, the sunshine and shadows of the landscapes. Stay, if you can, long enough to know the dogs and cats, the cows, horses and pigs; to take a lively interest in the donkey's misdemeanors, in the effects of thunder on the last setting of bread, how the calves are coming on; what sort the cats look. By this time you will have got a vivid picture in your mind of every spot and every turn of the country for miles around, and each picture will be framed in some pleasant, kindly association that will make you feel you have had a real country trip, and that you know more about the place than all the hurried passing tourists who visit it in a year could, even were they rolled into one.

I have heard some tourists have an astonishing way of seeing the beauties of nature. One evening, on a grassy bank in one of the prettiest spots on the road to Glendalough, we watched a gaily mounted pleasure party as they drove slowly down hill in a long wagonette. Their voices sounded animated as they passed along, no doubt chatting over the scenes they had seen, or admiring the lovely view spread out below, where a turn in the road showed a glimpse of the little village of Ashford,

visible through the trees, the hills rising all around it and the blue sea meeting the horizon beyond. "Diamonds are cheaps!" It was a party—I'm glad I don't know where from—enjoying the air as they liked best. Well, we had no right to find fault, or wonder why they went to the trouble of coming so far, merely for a game of cards.

Ashford is one of the neatest and prettiest of villages. It is about three miles inland from the town of Wicklow, half distance being covered by rail, the road a long public avenue, running right through Colonel Tighe's beautiful demesne of Rosanna. The Wicklow roads are some of the finest and best in Ireland; but of all I have seen, this avenue leading to Ashford is one of the most beautiful, being arched over the entire way by magnificent trees of elm, beach or ash; while the graceful, drooping branches of the luxuriant linden actually sweep the ground. No churlish walls or high embankment at either side to shut out from the plebeian eyes the velvety greensward and well kept private grounds reaching away as far as the eye can reach, and here all are welcome to wander as they will, without let or hindrance.

It was after months shut up in a sick room that, on a sunny June evening, I first saw this beautiful neighborhood, and seemed like getting a glimpse of paradise. The farmer at whose house we were going to spend our vacation had sent his "Irish jaunting car" to the railway station for us, and the young man who drove appeared highly gratified by our ejaculations as fresh beauties on all sides called forth our delight. Con, at first very quiet and silent, gradually got rid of his embarrassment, and grew eloquent as he pointed out the views, the fine trees, the hedges that fringed the wayside. He made inquiries to inquire about the strange little Irish dog we had with us, whose lively antics and ceaseless attempts at conversation "beat all." Indeed, of all our party, the little dog seemed to have created the most favorable impression on Con's mind, for afterwards in our walks we were often asked by the village people if that was "the wonderful little French dog that was lodging at Mrs. C——'s?"

Just as the sun was setting behind the hills the village of Ashford came in view—a lovely valley, through which runs the Vartry river; the hamlet is surrounded on all sides by luxuriantly wooded hills, beyond which rise, in every variety of graceful form, the Wicklow mountains; and a little outside the village the heights above the Devil's Glen, famed for its wild and picturesque beauty.

Unlike most villages, there is in Ashford no regular street, but neat, well kept cottages, dotted here and there, each in its garden. Most of these cottages are roofed with the old-fashioned straw thatch, much ornamented, the walls covered by roses of a rich bloom, and of a kind I have rarely seen out of this place. The Vantry, crossed by a very graceful bridge, divides the rival hotels, both neat and pretty, and surrounded by charming gardens. In fact, every spot in the place is rich in flowers and luxuriant trees, laurels, in the warm, moist air, growing as ill weeds grow elsewhere. Even the police barrick, in a cosy nook beside the river, is converted into a bower of roses and jessamine. The occupants of the bower, having no crime to contend with in the neighborhood, have turned their whole energies to three peaceful occupations: the culture of roses, their own improvement in elegance of deportment, dancing and music, and a kindly care for the welfare of all the pretty young girls in their district.

THE FARM HOUSE.

Leaving the hotels, barrack, and the village behind us, we passed the Catholic church, a plain, old fashioned, but well kept building, with the school house and the curate's cottage in the chapel yard. The curate's little home was perfectly buried in flowers, which, we afterward heard were the delight of his life. All these passed, we came to a genuine beauty of a cottage—half cottage, half farmhouse—in the porch of which stood, courtesying and smiling all over in welcome for us, the roundest, cosiest, prettiest old woman you could wish to see. No one knows better than an Irishwoman, be she of low or high degree, how to give a hearty welcome; our Wicklow hostess made no exception to the rule, as she ushered us into our apartments, not through the house door in common use, but through our own particular flower garden and our own glass door, which led directly into a pretty little sittingroom—bright with splendid works of art on the walls and a gay new carpet on the floor.

At first my heart sank at seeing a thatched roof, for hithertoo my ideas of thatch, no matter how ornamental, were that it was very black on the inside and thick with spiders, which would be sure to drop into the plates at meals, or come down with a fat "flop" on my face as I lay in bed—worse, might get into my mouth. It was a relief, then, to find nice white ceilings which put all spidery fears at rest, enabling us thoroughly to enjoy the tea and hot cakes ready for us just as we arrived—a foretaste of the thoughtfulness we were to experience. Indeed, during a stay of three months we met with the most unvarying unobtrusive kindness and attention from the whole family, our own particular attendant being one of the daughters of the house, a merry, black eyed girl, neat as two pins, as the old saying has it, and who, with many smiles, welcomed us to our new abode. The furniture was not Queen Anne style—the apartments were not on a magnificent scale, but all was good, neat and clean, with a degree of taste that showed innate refinement. For instance, we found that when our hostess was preparing for our reception she thought a piano would, of all things, be pleasant for us, so (she set off for the neighboring town and purchased a fine instrument, the first piano ever made, I do think) at the high figure of £4 "Shure," she said, "it would be there forever in case any of her girls could learn to play." The piano was made before the modern fireworks style of playing came in, and so not one of our gallant pieces could we execute on the old "Clementi." Here was a disappointment for Mrs. C—— when she came in to request a tune. We explained that we really could not help it; there were not keys enough on the piano. In she went to the broker, told him indignantly he had taken her in, "for them that knew the differ as d all the music was not in the piana." "Arrah, woman," was the answer, "there isn't in all Ireland finer music than is in that instrument, if they only knew how to take it out of it." After that we felt something must be done, not only in gratitude for the thoughtfulness that so kindly wished to provide a solace for our lonely hours, but also that the good woman should not feel that her money was thrown away. Every old Irish air, then, every reel, jig, and hornpipe that we ever heard in our lives was called to mind and worked at manfully—and we had our reward. Many a time of an evening our hostess slipped into the room with the request that we would "play up a tune." We soon found that on the occasions there was a little audience in the garden, and did not Paddy Welsh, the best fiddler in the barony, say—"Them was the right performers; they had the proper welt of the thumb." Our reputation was made!

NEVER LONELY.

But as for feeling lonely!—such a feeling was utterly out of the question. There were life and sound from morning till night. Why, we began each day with a large breakfast party, as amusing in their way as many a city party. I have spoken of the thatched roof and of my fears of spiders by night, but I never suspected that the same thatch might be the home of other families. What was our surprise then, on coming to breakfast next morning to find that a perfect swarm of fine, stout, country bred wasps had taken possession of the sugar basin, and not only was the sugar basin crowded, but the wasps were all over the room. Those which had had enough sugar and had filled their pockets were flying out through the open glass door to the garden, while those which had only just heard the news were coming in by scores. Impossible to breakfast with those stinging insects all over everything! So, armed with pockethandkerchiefs, we laid about us, leaving some thirty corpses in a few minutes: but all to no purpose. Still they came on and on. We got tired of the slaughter and a little ashamed, seeing that the little creatures made no effort to sting, and only seemed to want a share of the sugar we had in such plenty. So, after a consultation, and seeing that we could not get rid of them, we made a compromise; we drove the wasps out of the basin, spread on a paper at the opposite end of the table a spoonful of sugar for the enemy and covered up our own share. This arrangement, adhered to every morning, seemed perfectly satisfactory to the guests. They came in hundreds, for the snug thatch overhanging our open glass door was a mass of their nests; they ran on our hands or our bread, but never once did the busy little things sting, seeming well pleased with their daily entertainment, while it was most amusing to watch them as they poked and shoved and occasionally fought over an especially sweet grain of sugar.

And all day long there was busy, pleasant life about the place; at night, too, when it grew dark and the lamps were lit, we heard the sound of the father's voice as he read aloud the newspaper for the family, resting after their days' work, or the girls danced in the kitchen to the music of a concertina played by a handsome young farmer who we strongly suspected was "talking to" our Kitty, the black eyed young girl before mentioned. And the cricket on the hearth out sang everybody, and kept good luck about the house.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

A Song of '67.

BY WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P.

Ho! Con, light up your fires tonight,
On Hungry's towering crest;
For ships will come, ere morning's light,
With brave news from the West.
And pass the word through all the glens,
Tomorrow's signal drum
Will welcome wide o'er Bantry's tide
The boys who're coming home.
They're coming, coming home—
The boys who've sworn to come—
God light their way to Bantry's bay,
The boys who're coming home.

Their cheeks are brown'd by many a sun,
And plowed by many a scar;
Their flags are dim with blood-prints grim
Of many a foreign war.
But their hearts are Irish as the streams
Glengariff's dells that roam;
Their stoutest blow they swore should go
To fight for the land at home—
The small green isle at home,
The brave old land at home—
My soul! a slashing, smashing blow
Have the boys who're coming home!

Now, Con, away to Hungry's heights!
Haste Mechul, wake the glen;
Their ships bring gear worth soldier's wear
For thrice ten thousand men.
Then, boys, farewell the dance, the fair,
Your Mary's cheeks of bloom,
Till freedom shines o'er the conquering lines
Of the boys who're coming home.
They're sailing, thronging home—
In bold brigades they come—
Old Erin's veins run fire tonight—
Her boys are coming home!

Desirable Summer Homes.

NOYES' BEACH, WESTERLY, R. I., June 28.—Letters asking for information in regard to pleasant and economical summering places have reached me in such an infinite number and variety that I see no way out of the difficulty but to make a special communication to my friends and inquirers and tell them the little that I know from time to time. Allow me to preface this information with the statement that it is wholly in the interest of those who seek such homes, and is entirely a work of love. Letters from mothers who long for the country air for themselves and their pining little ones, and reaching me as I sit comfortably on the piazza of my seaside cottage, have a peculiar and most irresistible significance. Add to this the fact that only a few rods away are two unoccupied and most desirable cottages that can be rented economically, and the situation is complicated indeed. What shall I do? Keep this knowledge to myself, or give my friends a chance to enjoy the benefits of the loveliest spot on the face of the earth? I have chosen the latter course. And now I would say that these are double cottages, and will hold two families each. The rent is from $70 to $80 for the season. The cottages are furnished. Mr. Edward Bellamy of "Looking Backward" fame, has a cottage here. To those who have asked me if camping ground could be obtained, I think I can answer affirmatively, but the parties would have to be of the best sort. The fullest particulars will be sent to those who wish to come.

For those who prefer summer homes away from the sea shore and who wish to board well and at a reasonable rate, I can heartily recommend a home at Crown Point, N. Y. This is one of the loveliest of our semi mountainous spots. This house commands a beautiful view of Lake Champlain and is 400 feet above it. It is only eight miles from Lake George, and within a short distance of historic Ticonderoga. George Cary Eggleston, who has a summer home in this neighborhood, declares it to be the healthiest and most beautiful inland place that he has any knowledge of. The best of board, and excellent accommodations can be had at the house spoken of, for from $5 to $8 per week, according to rooms. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Townsend, Crown Point, N. Y. There, now I feel better, and can enjoy the breakers and the rocks and the green fields with perfect serenity until—well, until I get some more letters.

ELEANOR KIRK.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Receptions and Other Proceedings at the Court of the Vatican.

Remarkable Discovery of the Remains of a Bishop Long Entombed.

French Notes of General Interest.

FROM ROME.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Sunday the Holy Father received in separate and private audiences his Grace Mgr. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, and Mgr. Bellucci, Bishop of Chiusi and Pienza. On Thursday morning the Feast of Corpus Christi, the Holy Father admitted about forty persons to be present at his mass in his private chapel, to about thirty of whom he gave the holy communion. After the mass of thanksgiving, which was said by one of the Pope's private chaplains, most of those who had the honor of being present at mass of the Holy Father were presented to him, among whom were Miss Elizabeth Quinlan, of Dublin, and Mrs. Gordon Weld, of Boston, U. S. A., accompanied by her two little daughters, aged respectfully about three and four years. On Friday morning the Pope was pleased to receive in a special audience a deputation from the academy known as the Nuovi Lincei, composed of Count Castrocane, the president of the above academy, Professor Azzarelli, Father Provenzali, S. J., and Father Ferrari, S. J., and Commodore M. Stephen de Rossi who compose the committee of direction; when they presented his Holiness with the annual publications of their academy. On Friday afternoon the holy father received in a private audience Rev. Emanuel J. Bans, of the archdiocese of Westminster, lately ordained at the Capranica College and about to leave the Eternal City to pursue his missionary labors in London. On Saturday the Holy Father received in a particular audience Viscount d'Arinos, who has just arrived in Rome to succeed his excellency the Chevalier de Souza Correa as the diplomatic representative of Brazil, officially accredited to the Holy See. His Eminence Cardinal Capecelatro, Archbishop of Capua, and whose appointment to the distinguished post of Librarian of the Holy Roman Church we announced but a short time since, has arrived in Rome and taken up his apartments at the French Seminary of St. Clare. We understand that his eminence is still going to retain the direction of the archdiocese, notwithstanding the fact that his new appointment may necessitate his taking up his residence in Rome.

THE COMING CONSISTORY.

We are assured upon the most excellent authority that the secret consistory has been put off from the 20th to the 23d of this month, and that the public one will be held in consequence on the 26th. There are, as we already announced, to be four new cardinals created, and several archbishops and bishops appointed to several Italian and other vacant Sees. We also learn that the papal delegate chosen to carry the cardinal's hat to Mgr. Dunajewski, Bishop of Cracow, will be Monsignor Ladislaus Meszczynski, and Mons. Julius Tonti, Consultor of the Papal Nunciature at Lisbon, will be the bearer of the "hat" to Mgr. Vanutelli.

BEATIFICATIONS.

On Tuesday morning in the hall of the congregations at the Vatican, took place a special congregation *super virtutibus* of the venerable servant of God, Sister Anthony Mary Belloni, a nun of St. Clare, in the Convent of Codogno, in the diocese of Lodi.

THE FIRST MASS OF AN ENGLISH PRIEST.

On Sunday the Rev. Emanuel J. Bans, nephew of the Very Rev. Canon Bans, D. D., of the archdiocese of Westminster, sang his first mass in the chapel of the Capranica College, of which he is a student. The reverend gentleman had been ordained the previous day. The ceremony was most touching. The new Levite was assisted at the altar by the Rev. J. P. Keating, of the same archdiocese, and most of his fellow students received holy communion from the hands which now consecrated for the first time. We understand that Father Bans leaves almost immediately for England.

PONTIFICAL HONORS.

By special letters of Mgr. Maggiordomo, dated June 3, his Holiness has been pleased to number among supernumerary privy chamberlains the Rev. D. Raymond di Gianlorenzo, Professor of Civil Law in the Pontifical Roman Seminary.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF A BISHOP'S TOMB AT MILAN.

On Friday morning, a cart laden with stones and rubbish, in the Via Monporte in Milan, sank into the ground where the earth had been recently disturbed. This led to the discovery of a tomb below, containing a wooden coffin, about five and a half feet long by two feet deep and two feet and a quarter in width, covered with black drapery and fringed with gold trimmings, in a very perfect state of preservation. The bier contained a human skeleton with a gold pectoral cross about six inches long hanging round the neck, and near the head was a mitre and priestly vestments, which evidently indicates an episcopal tomb. In the sixteenth century in this locality there existed a church dedicated to St. Roch, belonging to the confraternity of the Bona Mors. In the excavations which were accordingly made near the tomb were discovered a jewelled ring, several silver coins, the basements of several columns, some lamp wicks, and little terra cotta vases—objects which indicate the Roman epoch and the Spanish dominion.

THE VATICAN OBSERVATORY.

Owing to the kind invitation of the director of the Astronomical Observatory of Kiel, in Germany, the Vatican observatory has joined the association of the astronomical observatories of Europe which receive telegraphic announcements of discoveries both of comets and new planets. The centre of the association is located in the observatory of Kiel, the director of which, Professor A. Krueger, has addressed a most flattering letter on the subject to the director of the Vatican Observatory, in which he speaks with great praise and honor of its gifted and munificent founder, Pope Leo XIII, now happily reigning.

CORPUS CHRISTI AT THE TRINITA DE MONTI.

Few visitors there are to the Eternal City who are not well acquainted with the beautiful and attractive Church of the Trinita de Monti, belonging to the good French Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and situated on the Pincian Hill, next door to the French Academy, where the Sisters also have an excellent school for the daughters of nobles, attached to which are beautiful gardens, which were the scene of one of the prettiest functions during the whole year to be witnessed in Rome, which consisted in the annual procession of the blessed sacrament for the Feast of Corpus Christi. A more picturesque sight it would be hard to witness than the long line of little girls, all in white, and with veils on their heads, ranging in every size and age from about three and four to sixteen, composed of the children of the school and their relations and friends, attended also by the good Sisters in black and the members of the confraternity of the Children of Mary, after which came the members of the choir and then several priests walking two by two, bearing in their hands flaming torches, and last of all came the rich canopy borne by eight priests, under which walked his Eminence Cardinal Macchi, carrying the blessed sacrament in a rich monstrance and attended by Monsignors Luiggione and Zoghi as deacon and sub-deacon. The ceremonies were carried out by the students of the Propaganda College, which also very kindly lent the members of its choir, Cardinal Macchi gave benediction of the blessed sacrament at two altars on the route of the procession, besides before and after the procession in the church.

RETREATS FOR THE CLERGY.

Last year the Holy Father ordered that every priest in Rome, from cardinals downwards, should go into retreat and strict retirement each year in a religious house, for the space of one week, and selected the following monasteries, viz., that of the Passionists, the Lazarists, and the Jesuits; and for those priests who are too poor to pay, the Pope himself has undertaken to defray their expenses. During the week of retirement they must live entirely isolated from the world, and cannot even receive a letter. The Vatican has been the first to attend to these wishes of the Holy Father, and the secretary of state Cardinal Rampolla, was unable for this reason to accept the invitation of the minister from Belgium to the grand dinner given in his honor. At the houses of the Jesuits the Fathers Cardelle and Bompiazé deliver each two discourses a day. The major duomo and the maestro di camera of the Pope have not been exempted.

FROM FRANCE.

[*Paris Correspondent Liverpool Catholic Times*]

TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS.

The Duc de Broglie, in a letter to the *Figaro*, throws discredit upon the authenticity of the so-called extracts from the Talleyrand Memoirs which have lately appeared in the columns of the *Times*. The Duc de Broglie and M. Chatelain are in possession of the famous Memoirs that are to be definitely given to the reading world next autumn. The public has been curious about them for the last fifty years. Interesting as will be the revelations they contain, they will say nothing about the grandest page of Talleyrand's life, viz, his conversion and the record of his last hours. In his reconciliation with the Catholic church, the great statesman was assisted by a young priest, the Abbe Dupanloup, then unknown to fame, but who was afterwards to become the illustrious Bishop of Orleans. All was thorough in the conversion of this penitent of eighty-four. On the morning of his death, May 17, 1838, in the presence of five witnesses, he signed two documents. One was an act of retraction and of contrition. The other was a letter to Pope Gregory XVI., in which he said: "Before becoming more weakened by illness, I desire, Most Holy Father, to express to you my gratitude and my affection. Memoirs long completed, but which, according to my expressed wishes, are not to be published until thirty years after my death, will explain to posterity my conduct during the foment of the revolutionary period. It only remains for me, Most Holy Father, in asking your lenient consideration for my own faults, to call your attention to the errors of the period to which I belong." In speaking of this letter and of Talleyrand's act of retractation in connection with it, Gregory XVI. said: "I keep these papers on my table. They have given me more consolation than anything else during my pontificate." For these details we are indebted to Mgr. Lagrange, Bishop of Chartres, who received them from Mgr. Dupanloup.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

A recent article in the *Correspondant* contains some interesting details about Cardinal Lavigerie. We are shown how the great churchman, in taking possession of his African See, now more than twenty years ago, and at a time when it was decimated by famine and disease, became at once a father to two thousand Arab children, orphans or abandoned by their parents. Many died, but those that lived were placed in orphanages and taught to earn their bread. One, a little lame boy, learned the shoemaking trade, and, on seeing Cardinal Lavigerie one day, he fell on his knees before him and said: "Monsigdeur, let me make you a pair of shoes." "A pair of snoes?" repeated the cardinal in astonishment. "Yes, father, let me make you a pair for your New Year's present. A beautiful pair—varnished." In relating this anecdote Cardinal Lavigerie said: "My voice was not steady enough to allow me to answer, but I gave him my foot and he took the measurement. The boy's offer had afforded me more pleasure than the most costly gift could have done."

CORONATION OF A STATUE.

Imposing religious solemnities have just taken place at the Epine, near Chalons sur Marne, a spot long celebrated for the possession of a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin. It was the ceremony of crowning this statue that drew several bishops and a large body of Catholics together. The ceremonies were presided over by Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims and delegate of Leo XIII. for the occasion. The assisting bishops were those of Tours, Nantes, Vannes, Amiens, Beauvais, Maus, Soissons, Chalons, and Angers. Mgr. Freppel delivered the allocution. Immediately after the eloquent discourse of the Bishop of Angers, Cardinal Langenieux proceeded to the coronation of the statue. Then Mgr. Sourrieu formally dedicated his diocese of Chalons to Notre Dame de l'Epine. The origin of this famous sanctuary of Notre Dame de l'Epine dates from March 24, 1419, when two shepherds saw a brilliant light in the midst of a thorny bush. Going near to it they perceived within a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, holding the Infant Saviour in her arms. The bush is said to have put forth leaves in the night. The people of the neighborhood, impressed by the miracle, insisted on a church being built on the spot. The miraculous statue which has just been crowned is enclosed in a shrine which has been likened to a marvel of lace work in stone.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

The usual anniversary service for the late Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III., drew to the Church of St. Augustine a few mornings ago the leading members of the Bonapartist faction. In the throng might have been seen Prince Murat, Prince Joachim Murat, the Baron Haussmann, and the Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps. The officiating priest was the Abbe Laisne, former chaplain at the Tuileries. Most present wore bouquets of violets, the Imperial flower. Two anniversary masses have also been celebrated at Notre Dame, the entire chapter assisting at each. One was for the late Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and the other for Mgr. Surat, both shot under the Commune in May, 1871.

North Side Gaelic Athletes.

The young Irish-Americans of the North Side have fallen into line with their brothers in other parts of the city and have been actively engaged for the past few weeks in organizing a branch of the Gaelic Athletic Association with the object of promoting the games patronized by this association as at present existing in Ireland. They held their first regular meeting at the hall of the C. T. A. and B. Association, corner of Cass street and Chicago avenue on the 18th ult., and judging from the numerous attendance, the enthusiasm displayed, and the athletic appearance of the young men present, there is no doubt but the Columbia Club (as by such title they will be in future known) will take a leading place in the ranks of the organization in this city.

The following resolution was unanimously agreed to: "That we desire to mark our approval of the movement now general in Chicago for the promotion of Irish sports and pastimes and in furtherance of such movement that we here form a branch of the G. A. A. to be known as the Columbia Football Club, and to be conducted under the rules and in the spirit of said organization as at present existing in Ireland." Upwards of forty members were enrolled. The following are the officers chosen: James Crean, President; William Noonan, Secretary; Jeremiah Sheehan, Financial Secretary; J. S. Hyland, Treasurer; Thomas D. Sullivan, Captain. The Columbia Club deserves every success and, no doubt, the energy they show will be rewarded at the proper time.

This Interests Teachers.

The coming annual meeting of the National Educational Association, to be held at St. Paul, July 8 to 18, 1890, promises to be one of the most interesting events in the history of education in this country. Thousands of teachers and their friends will be present, and the most noted educators of the land will seek to promote the cause of education in the most fitting manner. The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, which stands without a superior, will name exceedingly low rates upon this occasion, which everybody can take advantage of. This route is exceedingly popular with the traveling public, and guarantees the best accommodations. No finer cars are built than those running on this line. Its smooth track, fast time, safety, comfort and convenience commend it to teachers and all others. Any information concerning rates, time of trains, etc., cheerfully furnished by agents of the company, or by W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT THE SHANNON BORE.

When Phelim awoke the sun was streaming in through the chancel windows. The noise of the key turning in the doors fell on his ears. Then he knew that, whilst he lay there unconscious in the gloom, the chapel doors had been closed, and that he had lain alone all through the night.

But what a blessed sense of relief and happiness seemed within him as he raised himself from where he lay! What a consciousness that the days of his mental torture and suffering were over!

Plainly, as if he saw it written on the walls around him, he knew that his respite from the bad past had come. How or wherefore he knew it, it was beyond his power to tell; but know it he did—and for a certainty.

What had happened him whilst he lay unconscious, from whence the succor had come—who knows?

There are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamt of in philosophy. It were but poor existence this of ours if the wonderful works of the Unknown were bounded by man's limited knowledge.

But so it was, at any rate, be the explanation what it may, that the load of terror was removed from the soul of the afflicted man, and the light of happiness came there instead.

He hid himself in a corner of the church, whilst the attendant was opening the door, and remained unobserved. Then he knew by the gathering of the people, and the preparations at the altar, that mass was going to be said! And then he suddenly remembered that it was one of the holidays of the year.

It was the first time he had assisted at mass during ten long years.

He was not, to look at—even unarrayed in convict dress—a very dignified personage, nor was the edifice itself, with its thatched roof and clay floor, a very gorgeous temple; but I doubt if from the very finest people kneeling at the same moment in the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome, more fervent or more acceptable prayers of thanksgiving went up to the High Throne above. Indeed, as elegant apparel and cultivated accents don't tell for much in that connection, it is hardly presumptuous to say there did not.

Mass over, and the people departing, Phelim rose from his knees and departed with them.

Making his way by one conveyance or another, he finally found himself the next evening on board the boat that went along the Shannon to Athlone. Not caring, however, to face all at once the crowds likely to await the advent of the boat there, he got off at a little landing place, some few miles lower down, intending to strike in land when it grew dusk. Kevin Moore had told him where he should likely be found, what distance he lived from Athlone, and in what direction; and Phelim had little doubt that he should readily find his way there.

Accordingly he left the boat, and in the mellow warmth of the summer evening strolled along the banks of the river, until dusk would permit of his proceeding unobserved to his destination. For still, the vague terr of detection was present to him.

Tired with his unceasing journeying, he selected a spot where a barrier of stones went out some distance into the river. It was a quiet solitary place, and he could rest there undisturbed.

He sat himself down, and pulling out a flask with which he had provided himself, and regaling himself therefrom, looked at the river where it ran broken and murmuring against the barrier of stones.

He felt thankful and content. With the certain consciousness—how coming to him he did not know—that he was safe from further evil troublings, he was, though tired and way-worn, lighthearted, and, as a consequence, perhaps, soon dropped off fast asleep.

He awoke quite of a sudden, startled out of his sleep by—he knew not what!

The stars were glimmering in the sky overhead; the river in the gloom ran musically murmuring against the barrier of rocks; and the trees overhead hung their branches in the still night above him. What had woke him? There was something in his ears that had roused him, though he could not remember what it was. He paused a moment to think. What was it?

It was in vain to try to remember. Perhaps some incident of his dreaming brain.

It was late in the night; he could see that by the multitude of stars that shone in the sky overhead; and it was time for him to be going on his journey.

He was sore with traveling and with his rest on the grass; and he was about applying the flask again to his lips, to create a warmth in his frame; when a sound came on his ears—a moan! Then all at once he knew that it was that sound at had awoke him!

He listened again to catch the direction whence it came.

Again it came to him. A faint half moan, half sigh, as if some one dying! It came from the direction of the river—from that barrier of stones that he had noticed before he went to sleep.

Without wasting a moment, he hurried in the direction, but he could see nothing. Whatever it was, it must be further out. Taking off his shoes that he might not slip on the dank moss of the stones, he carefully picked his way outwards to where the current of the river broke strongly against them.

That moan again Where did I come from?

Looking more intently he noticed a black something lying against the stones, as if flung there by the rushing river.

Taking his careful way thereto, he stooped down. What! The form of a woman! What brought her there, in the drowning river!

With ready hands he lifted the form, and stepping from stone to stone bore her to the bank.

He felt her pulse. She was not dead—though not very far from it. He poured some drops from his flask between her parted lips—thank God that there was some still left for the purpose!

What was to be done? The creature would die—must die—if she were left there in the cold. Was there no place to which she could be brought?—no one that could afford shelter to a dying person?

Phelim Rorke leaving the senseless woman, ran to the summit of a little hill that lay behind where he had lain. Scanning the neighborhood for sign of habitation to which he could convey her, he failed to see any. Alas! the clearances had swept houses and families from that neighborhood and made it a waste where on naught but cattle lived.

He was in utter despair.

Suddenly a light flashed on his gaze. It came from not a very far distance. Marking the direction with his eye—for the light died as swiftly as it appeared—he sped swiftly forwards. His way led through brake and swamp and brambles but he kept on undeviatingly. Life was sacred, and he, the runner, had tasted enough of sorrow not to make him feel for the miseries of others.

Finally he came to the house. Much to his surprise he found it to be an uninhabited cabin, in which a big fire burned. Much to his surprise, also, he saw that the door and doorposts lay across the threshold, as if a struggle had taken place there. But this occupied his attention but for a moment.

More to the purpose was the fact there was a fire burning, and that there was plenty of fuel in the place. Throwing on several logs of wood, he went back as quickly as he could to the place where the drowning form lay. He felt her pulse again. Thank God! there was still life there!

Lifting the form in his arms, lightly and tenderly as he might that of a child, he essayed to bear her to the cottage. He was not very strong, and his life in the prison was not calculated to put much muscle in him; but with the courage and determination there was in him he would have borne the weight had the distance been twice as far. Still it was a great relief when, his dripping burthen still in his arms, he stepped once more over the fallen door, and gained the welcome shelter of the fire.

In the days of old, Phelim, as we have already seen, lived by the sea shore. He was familiar with the means taken for the resuscitation of drowning persons. These now he put into practice; but, although he had the satisfaction of seeing the pulse grow stronger, there was no sign of returning consciousness. Marveling much over this unusual texture, he bethought him that there must be something more than mere immersion in the water amiss.

A deep wound in the head explained the matter. She had fallen downwards into the stream and so had caused the wound.

He was much perplexed what to do. Surgical assistance he knew to be necessary, but how could he go for it and leave the insensible girl there—for with the day light he saw she was young and that her features were, making allowance for circumstances, not at all uncomely.

It was out of the question. He could not leave the dying girl all alone in the doorless cabin. It was impossible.

It was the next day when the patient manifested symptoms of recovery and opened her eyes.

"I hope you are better, my dear?" inquired Phelim with a kindness and tenderness that might have done honor to the chivalry of a crusader.

"Where am I?"

"You're safe, my dear. Keep quiet and rest yourself. You're in safe hands."

"Where is Keliff?"

"I dont know, my dear," answered Phelim, not knowing what other answer to make, for he noticed a sudden look of terror in her eyes, as she asked the question; "he's not here."

The wandering eyes closed again, and as they did, for a moment Phelim thought they had closed for ever.

But they had not, and some muttering sounds after a time came from her lips. He stooped down to listen.

He started up in astonishment.

"Kevin Moore!—Norah Moore! How does she happen to know them?—and why does she mention their names?"

He poured a few drops more from his flask between her lips—for, sorely as he needed refreshment himself, he spared it for her.

The stimulant revived her. She opened her eyes again.

"Are you better? Do you feel any stronger?"

"I feel better—a little."

"Do you think you could speak without distressing yourself?"

A faint motion of the head indicated assent.

"Take a little drop of this, and maybe you might. There now!—you're better."

She raised her hand to her head.

"I know, my dear—I know. It's there the harm is. But you'll get better. I am sure you will."

A feeble dissent with a motion of the head, showed that she, like himself, did not believe in his encouraging words.

"D'ye think you could spake? Because if you could I'd like you to answer me this: You spoke of Kevin Moore just now—What's that? What do you say?"

"Hanged!"

Intently as he listened this way the only word that reached his ears.

"Take your time and rest yourself," said Phelim in a paroxysm of impatience; "what's that you said?"

"He will be hanged." Clearly, but faintly.

"Good God! What's that you say? Is it of Kevin Moore you're spaking?"

Another slight motion of the head indicated affirmation.

"Who'll hang him? What'll he be hanged for?"

The only intelligible words that reached his ears were "the burnin'."

"What burnin'? Good God! Isn't this awful?" cried Phelim in utter dismay, as the girl again closed her eyes. But after a short time she opened them.

"Did he—do any harm!" asked Phelim, anxious to utilize the uncertain moments of consciousness, to glean the information that he somehow judged was of importance.

"No."

"An' why will they hang him? Is he accused in the wrong?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

The only word that fell on his ear was significant as if she had said a thousand. It was only the one word "Jail."

"The Lord protect us! You dont't say that?"

There was no answer.

"He's in jail—and accused in the wrong of a burning. Is that it?" asked Phelim hurriedly, summarizing the information he had gleaned. "Is that it?"

"Yes," very faintly.

"An' you know that it's in the wrong?"

"Yes," more faintly.

"And, maybe, if you had the strength you could prove it—could show that he was innocent?"

"Yes;" this time scarcely audible.

"Merciful providence!" cried Phelim in dismay, as he looked at the eyes before him, again darkening into unconsciousness, and, with some strange presentment, connected her form drowning in the river with the hinted charge against his friend. "What's to be done! Sure as fate! there's some trouble in store for Kevin. An' this poor thing was drowned and murdered—nothing else. See here! my dear," said he, addressing the half conscious girl, "I'm going to Athlone—it can't be very far from this—to get a doctor. I must go—you'll die if I don't. You'll be safe here on this bed of rushes and heath, till I kum back. I won't be long. An' plaise God! I'll bring assistance back wid me—don't fear. Good bye—an' God bless you! I won't be long."

Erecting the fallen door, and placing it for protection in its place, he passed out into the dusky evening.

Swiftly as his feet could carry him he ran along the river side. He knew Athlone was on the Shannon, and that by keeping to the stream he should reach it.

With a presentiment that there was unknown danger occurring to Kevin, and that his safety depended in some way on the recovery of the wounded girl—that the, to him, saving knowledge was in her unconscious brain—he sped along with the speed of a startled deer.

Never before did swifter foot pace the moory lands bordering on the Shannon. If he had been flying for his own life he could not have bent himself to the task more determinedly.

Every moment was of what importance he knew not, but in its very vagueness seeming larger and more impressive. One thing was absolutely necessary: medical assistance should be provided for the injured girl before her life ebbed wholly away.

Breathless and perspiring he gained the street of Atnlone, what time the clamor was at its height; what time the cry of "prisoner's escaped" rang through the streets, and Rupert Clarendon at the head of his dragoons rode out under the barrack archway.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Comhradh H-ectoir agus Andromaiche.

Aisdrighthe ó n' Greigis go Gaoidhilge le Seághan Ard-Easpog Thuama.

Hector—

Do fhreagair a cheile: "Agam beidh a meamhair
Do chomhairle chaomh, chum tabhairt uaim gach cabhair;
Acht bheidheadh na fir 's na mná ladhach 'na Troighe
A sgeith mo chlú 's mo theastais leis an gaoth,
Da bh-faininn siar, mar claidhaire as an gleo,
Nidh nach bheidheadh taithneamhach le mo spiríod beo
'Oir do bheith calmach d'fhoghlaim me go luath
A bheith d-toiseach, 'measg fíor-sgaith na sluagh
Aig cosint ceannais m'athar mar budh chóir
Agus 'na ceann sin, cosint fós mo ghlóir',
Acht táim fiosach 's fós, le imnidh láu,
Go d-tiocfaidh an lá a m-beidhidh an chathair bán,
A dun's righ-lan leagha uile air lár
'S an righ 's a dhaoine sínte anns an ár.
Acht ní golleann amhghar lucht' na Troighe,
No athar, máthar, brathar, air mo chroidhe,
Do bheidheas a 'tuitim aig lainn trom na nGreug
'Nna 'n uimhir mhor faoi chaseart 'gus faoi eug
A's golleas d'amhghar: 'an éis dhul tridh gach gabh
Béirfar thú go crích na nGreug mar sglabh
Foilingt ann, mór anachair 'gus léun
Faoi chuing mna eitrighe danartha 'gus déin'
Figheadh alg seol stair dólásach na Troighe
No tabhairt ó an t-sruth mias uisge ann a tigh
'Saig eisteacht le fonnóid áthaiseach, gan truagh:
"Feuch díol bantraigh Hectoir mhóir na slaugh',
Dusóchaidh an t-ainm mo chuimhne ann do chroidhe,
Agus beidhir lán de dhubhróu 'gus de choidhe
Fá é bheith imighthe, chusnochadh thu 'sa trá
'Gus duit—se do bheurfadh cabhair agus sgáth
Acht roimh me feiscint nidh cho táir, beidh mé
Fao's an bh-fód, is dóigh liom, sínte anns an g-cré."
N'éis so rádh, do shín amach go sámh
Chum an t-óg do chadairt, a dhá láimh,
Do gheith le eagla mhór an leanbh seare,
Trá air a g-clogadh uamhanabh, soilleach, dheare,
'San chiabh capal guanach, rabh gach diaoigh
Anon's a nál aig imladh leis an gaoth,
Do smigdar an dís: sgaol Hectoir an lub teann
Bhí air a chathbhair; 's thóig í ó n-a cheann

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Translation by Alexander Pope.

Hector—

The chief replied: "That post shall be my care;
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates,—
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)—
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,—
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,—
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large ar part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
Then cry: "Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me!
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep,"
Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hastened to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE O'BRIEN WEDDING PRESENTS.

The following were among presents received by Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien. The list is by no means a complete one, as presents kept arriving during the day of the wedding which have not been assorted up to the time of sending this report. Numerous presents of small articles such as silk stockings, albums containing verses, etc., etc., have also been received that are not specified below. The Liberal members of the house of commons have resolved to present Mr. O'Brien with a collective token of their congratulation on the occasion, but as the gift was not quite ready for the day they intimated to him that they would seize the earliest convenient opportunity on his return to the house of commons. It should also be mentioned that the Cork Young Ireland Society, of which Mr. O'Brien is the president, have given a commission to the celebrated Irish artist, Mr. Thaddeus, to paint his portrait as their wedding present, and that Mr. O'Brien has given sittings for the purpose to Mr. Thaddeus during the past few days.

The Irish Parliamentary Party—Large centre piece in old silver, with album containing portraits and photographs of Mr. Parnell and the members of the party. The following is the inscription on the centre plate: "To Sophie Raffalovich from Charles Stewart Parnell and the members of the Irish Parliamentary party on the occasion of her marriage with their well loved collesgue, William O'Brien, M. P., as a token of their admiration for his services to his country and of the joy with which they welcome her to the land of her adoption. June 11, 1890"

The Archbishop of Cashel—Silver tea service.

The Women of Ireland—A complete set of Irish household linen, quilt of Irish poplin and lace, a selected case of books, and illuminated albums containing names of subscribers.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning—French religious painting, "Le Denier de la Veuve."

The Clergy of the Archdiocese of Cashel and Emly—Silver gilt claret jug and salver.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright—A statue of the Sacred Heart.

The Right Hon. H. C. Childers, M.P.—The original edition of Moore's Melodies, with Maclise's drawings, richly bound.

The Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P.—A silver goblet.

Mr. and Mrs. Schwans—Antique silver bowl.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen O'Meara, Limerick—Wedding veil of Limerick lace.

Mr. T. Harrington, M. P.—Silver tea service of Celtic design and Irish workmanship.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Healy—Silver and glass claret jug.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Dillon—Sugar basin and cream jug in silver.

Mrs. John Mandeville—Irish lace work.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Rowntree—Silver butter dish.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fottrell—Silver inkstand.

M. and Mdme. Wertheimber—Bronze figure, "La Priere."

Mdme. Comparette—Edition de luxe of Dante's "Divina Comedia."

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Kenny—Collection of the works of Edmund Burke and Thomas Moore.

Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury Tracy—Case of candlesticks, inkstand, and bracket *cuivre repousse.*

Mr. William Agnew—Two engravings, one after the portrait by Millais of Mr. Gladstone, and the other after the portrait by Holl of Earl Spencer.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor—Gold cross with ruby.

Miss Sturge, Letterfrack—Specimens of Connemara made baskets.

Mrs. E. Dwyer Gray—Portrait of the late Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, also a ring in rubies and diamonds.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leake—Silver cigar case.

Mr. and Mrs. Tanner—Old silver bowl and collection of Cork made glass of the last century, once the property of the Cork corporation.

Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby—Writing set in *cuivre repousse.*

Rev. Mother and Community of the Ursuline Convent, Thurles — Guitar shaped necessaire, exquisitely worked with Irish views painted on porcelain.

Mrs. T. E. O'Brien, Limerick—Collection of Limerick lace.

Messrs. Kime and Hammond—Silver bread basket.

Miss Amy Mander—Richly bound edition of Browning's works.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis—Gold mounted scent bottle ornamented with moonstones and diamonds.

Rev. Mother and Community of Our Lady's Hospice, Harold's cross, Dublin—Ivory bound prayerbook, with Rosary beads.

Mrs. W. Redmond—Open work basket in Belleek ware.

Madame Raffalovich—Hanner's celebrated picture "Le Christ et Sa Mere."

Mrs. Roe—A perfume urn in wedgewood ware.

Miss Gubbel—Engraving of Mr. Thaddeus' portrait of Pope Leo XIII.

Mr. and Lady Anne Blunt—Edition of the works of Lord Byron.

Miss E. Skeffington Thompson—Mr. W. Dillon's "Life of John Mitchel."

Dr. Redmond, Harcourt street, Dublin—An opera glass.

Rev. Richard Barrett, C.C., Cork—Gold pencil case.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Gill—Set of prayer books in case and a silver pencil case.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Leamy—The works of George Eliot.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Healy—The works of Thackeray.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Chance—Opal brooch with diamonds.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fitzgerald—A diamond ring.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Mahony—Exquisitely worked Irish made tea cloth embroidered with shamrocks.

Mr. John Bowes, Grasse, Nice—A porcelain vase.

Mrs. Wilson, Cork—Afternoon tea service in Belleek ware.

Rev. T. Dawson, S.M.I.—Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hancock—Opal flower vases mounted in wrought iron.

The Women of Mallow—A lace fan, a poplin dress, and a writing cabinet.

The Women of Cashel—Model of the Rock of Cashel.

Mr. M. McD. Bodkin—A set of emeralds.

Mr. George Fitzmaurice, Ballarat—A gold nugget.

Mr. Redmond—Tea service in Belleek ware.

Mrs. E. Douglas—Portrait of Mr. O'Brien in embroidered frame.

Mr. J. L. Carew, M.P.—Centre piece in Belleek ware with alto-relievo figures.

The Women of Cork—Quantity of Irish lace of various designs.

Mrs. Anna Bateson—A silver cruet stand.

Mr. F. B. Hayes, House of Commons, Ottawa, Canada, per Sir Thomas Esmonde—Edition de luxe of the works of Louis Veuillot.

Mr. and Mrs. McWeeney—Ivory bound prayer book.

Irishmen of Glasgow—Gold mounted ebony walking stick.

The Staff of *United Ireland*—Silver tea service.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ennis—Set of prayer books.

The women of Mallow sent through the hands of their committee some handsome presents to Miss Raffalovich, on the occasion of her marriage with their old friend and distinguished townsman. The gifts consist of an exquisite lace fan, made by the lacemakers at Youghal Convent, and is the finest Irish lace made. It was mounted on ivory by Messrs. Laird & Co., of Grafton street, Dublin, and bears the following inscription in gold letters: "From the Women of Mallow to Sophie O'Brien—June, 1890." They have also sent a full dress length of cream colored brocaded poplin, made to order by Messrs Atkinson & Co., College Green, Dublin, and a handsome writing cabinet of Irish oak inlaid in yew and sycamore, with views of Muckross Abbey, Ross Castle, Old Weir Bridge, and Brickeen Bridge. On raising the cover of the desk may be seen a beautifully executed harp surrounded with shamrocks. The cabinet was turned out by Mr. Coakley, and is the work of Killarney hands.

"Excuse me, George, but when I saw you a year ago, your face was covered with pimples; it seems to be all right now." "Yes, sir; that's because I stuck to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the greatest blood medicine in the world. I was never so well in my life as I am now."

To strengthen the hair, thicken the growth, stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 8:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 834 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Metregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 496 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2954 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathz, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 821 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 79 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

IN HENDRICKS' HONOR.

A Handsome Monument Unveiled at Indianapolis

WITH VERY IMPOSING CEREMONIES.

A Monster Parade of Soldiers and Civilians One of the Features of the Occasion—The Prominent Part Taken in the Ceremonies by Mrs. Hendricks, Widow of the Man to Whom All Were Doing Honor—The Dedicatory Ode.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 1.—The capital city of the Hoosier state and the home of the president of the republic did honor Tuesday to the memory of one of her favorite sons, whose notable career as a statesman was cut short just as his life's work had been rewarded with the second highest office in the gift of the American people. Conspicuous as Thomas A. Hendricks had been in his life-time in the councils of one political party, there were no politics in the event of Tuesday. The

THE MONUMENT TO HENDRICKS.

business houses and private residences of the most earnest supporters of the party in power and the warmest friends of President Harrison, were decorated just as profusely and with as much taste as those of their political opponents. The various divisions of the parade began to form at their designated rendezvous, and at 1 o'clock, when Chief Marshal Gen. Fred. Knefler was satisfied that all was in readiness, the signal was given by the firing of seven guns by the veterans stationed at the north side of the court house square and the head of the column moved.

Cheers for Mrs. Hendricks.

The Metropolitan police under command of Superintendent Travis led the way, with the chief marshal and staff and mounted escort close in the rear. First division, commanded by Col. W. J. McKee, was made up of the second regiment infantry, Indiana legion, the Indianapolis Light artillery battery, the Knights of Pythias and the Knights of Honor, and the uniforms of the military with the gay plumage and regalia of the civilians combined to present a brilliant spectacle. The second division was led by the Hendricks club, of Indianapolis, with J. B. Curtis commanding. Its members marched in a square as special escort to the carriage containing Mrs. Hendricks, President Rand, of the Monument association, and Senator Turpie, the orator of the day. One continuous volley of cheers greeted the venerable widow as the carriage moved slowly from block to block and Mrs. Hendrick, who looked somewhat pale but fully composed, smiled and bowed her thanks to the right and left. Behind the carriage in columns of fours the members of the Young Men's Gray club, Cleveland club and Bynum club, all of Indianapolis.

Distinguished Visitors.

In the third division, commanded by James R. Carnahan, was the visiting clubs from Indiana and other states. Following these in the fourth division were carriages, four abreast, containing Governors Hill, Campbell, Francis and Hovey and their parties. The committees of the Monument association, board of trade and Commercial club, and the judiciary state, county and city officials. The fifth division was composed of veteran soldiers' organizations, and the sixth and last of the city and ward organizations of Indianapolis. The sidewalks along the line of march were packed with people, who heartily cheered the visiting governors, the clubs from abroad and the other features of the parade that excited their enthusiasm. Each division had its bands of music; and the numberless flags, banners and other devices that were carried tended to complete a magnificent ensemble.

Arrival at the Monument.

It was 2 o'clock despite the fact that, owing to the extreme heat, the route had been shortened, before the head of the procession reached the state house grounds. Here almost as far as the eye could reach, the spectators were solidly massed. Fronting the monument a platform had been erected for the speakers and distinguished guests, while to the right was an amphitheatre filled with 500 school children, the majority little girls in white. Company D of the Indianapolis Light infantry was posted around the upper base of the monument, while the Hendricks' club formed a square around the lower base. The appearance of the carriages with Mrs. Hendricks and the visiting governors was the signal for the firing of a salute of nine guns by the Light artillery battery, and the exercises were forthwith inaugurated with an overture by the band. Then the school children's chorus, led by Professor Henry M. Butler, sang "The Model Republic" with superb effect.

The Monument Unveiled.

Governor A. P. Hovey called the gathering to order in very few words, extending a hearty welcome to the visitors from abroad, and paying a brief tribute to the memory of the man they had met to honor. He concluded by installing Hon. Frederick Rand, president of the Monument association, as presiding officer. The latter in turn introduced Rev. Joseph S. Jenkes, of St. Paul's church, who led the gathering in prayer. After a selection by the Hendricks club band President Rand made a succinct historical statement narrating the circumstances under which the movement for the monument had originated; the amounts contributed by the several states and the total expenditures. The hymn "America" was then sung by the chorus and audience. As the last notes died away Mrs. Hendricks rose and gently pulled the rope, causing the canvas to recede and disclosing the life-size statue that crowned the pedestal.

The Dedicatory Ode.

Applause, loud and prolonged, greeted the successful culmination of enterprise, while to add to the din, a salute of nine guns, one for each letter of the name "Hendricks" was fired by the battery, and "Columbia" was rendered by the combined bands. When silence had once more been restored, the following dedicatory ode, "Hendricks," written by James Whitcomb Riley, was impressively read by Professor Fisher of Hanover college:

Pride of thy Westland, and loved of the Nation!
Leader invincible! Ruler most wise!
Fevered nor flushed by the throng's acclamation,
Steadfastly poised as a star in the skies!
Paths that were night to us
Thou didst make bright to us.
Brightening still, till the transcendent shine,
Swiftly withdrawn from us,
Now thou art gone from us,
Haloes thy deeds with a glory divine.

Versed as thou we'rt in the lore of the ages,
Voiced as a master in lofty debate,
Thine was an eloquence History's pages
Rustlingly whisper in vain to relate.
Mute there the wonderful
Pathos, or thunderful
Flashes of denunciation—not jeers!
Silent the dutiful
Scorn, and the beautiful
Tribute of tremulous sobbing and tears!

Thine, then, the meed of a people's affection,
Born above factional wrangle and fray;
Still warmly homed in the heart's recollection,
Naught of thy virtues shall vanish away,
Still in security
Rest, in thy purity
Fixed as thy monument, tow'ring above—
Ay, and outwearing it,
All time declaring it,
Bronze shall outbrave not the legends of love!

Conclusion of the Ceremonies.

Following this "The New National Hymn" was rendered by the male chorus, and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" by the school children. Senator Turpie, the orator of the day, upon being introduced, was received with long-continued cheers. After his address the orator received another ovation. "The True Patriot" was rendered by the male chorus, the audience and school children joining in the stirring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner, and with the pronouncing of the benediction by Right Rev. Silas Chatard, bishop of Vincennes, the event of the day was brought to a fitting conclusion.

BIG INJUNS AT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

They Make a Peaceful Raid on Beecher's Old Church.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 1.—The exercises of Plymouth church Sunday school were stopped Sunday afternoon when a large company from the combined Forepaugh and Wild West shows, including forty or fifty Indians in war paint and feathers, entered under the escort of Col. James L. Cooper, Capt. Bogardus, and his three sons. Some of the noted cowboys and Mexicans of the show were also present, but the Indians attracted the most attention, especially Chiefs Black Bull, Bear, Short Horn, Kicking Horse, and Long Tooth and the squaws. The Indians appeared to be deeply fasciuated with the singing of the children.

Short Horn Makes a Speech.

Short Horn, the Blackfoot chieftain, thus spoke in his native tongue, the words being interpreted by Manager F. D. Yates: "It makes my heart feel glad to be here to-day. I think now that the great spirit is with the Indians and whites alike. I used to think that the great spirit was only for the Indians. I begin to think of this day as a day to be given to the great spirit." Rev. Dr. Abbott made an address telling the Indians how great a friend Mr. Beecher had been to their race. At the close of the exercises the picturesque visitors were conducted through the church and Dr. Abbott himself performed on the great organ for them.

MIGHT HAVE MADE A FORTUNE.

A Georgia Spinster Who Sported a Real Beard Fifteen Inches Long.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 1.—Miss Eliza Pinson, 40 years of age, and well known because of her luxuriant growth of beard, died at her home three miles from this place Monday. In make-up she possessed every feature of a man, was 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighed 175 pounds. When a girl she was troubled a great deal with toothache, and as a means of relief used poultices pretty freely. These were bound around the lower jaw. This treatment was kept up until it was discovered that unless the poultices were discontinued she would have a full beard.

Wouldn't "Go for a Freak."

The poultices were left off, but this did not stop the growth of a short black beard that had appeared on her well-rounded cheeks. This was mortifying to the family, and shaving only increased the growth. Finally all hope of stopping the beard was abandoned, and it was allowed to grow. For twenty years she has worn a black beard fifteen inches long. Naturally such a freak was sought after by the showmen, but she invariably refused all offers. She was exceedingly modest, and always wore a bonnet to hide her beard as much as possible. She was never married.

Rockefeller's Generous Gift.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 1.—John D. Rockefeller has just given $100,000 to the Baptist Educational society, which has its headquarters in New York, and was formed for the purpose of aiding needy institutions of learning under Baptist control. Mr. Rockefeller two years ago gave $100,000 to the society. His donations are so conditioned that the society must raise from other sources five times the amount given by him. Since his original donation $600,000 has been raised, which so pleased Mr. Rockefeller that he gave $100,000 more. This is exclusive of the $500,000 given the Chicago college.

Forged an Order on a Church.

NEWBURG, N. Y., July 1.—Edward M. Doyle is under arrest here charged with forgery and larceny in Oregon. Doyle secured a contract to build a home for the St. Mary's Roman Catholic church at Beaverton, Ore., and presented to the bishop a forged order for $1,000, purporting to come from the church. He is said to have secured about $5,000 from other parties through fraud, and is also said to be a bigamist, with three wives living.

Americans not Always Citizens.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., July 1.—Two men, who were never out of the jurisdiction of the United States, and whose parents and grandparents clear back were absolutely Americans, were made citizens in the court here Monday. They are S. I. Foreman, a Cherokee, and J. H. Clawker, a Choctaw Indian. They took the required oath, and were given papers.

Handy Things to Have.

The government is issuing maps and charts to show just where gold may be found. A map or chart to point out to a fellow where he may pick up a few greenbacks would also be a handy thing to have in the house.—New York World.

END OF A GREAT STRIKE

Illinois Central Employes to Resume Work.

THE COMPANY COMES OUT ON TOP.

It Refuses to Discharge Division Superintendent Russell, but He Will Not Be Allowed to Exercise His "One Man Power"—None of the Strikers To Be Discharged—Notes of Interest from the Field of Labor.

CHICAGO, June 27.—The strike on the Illinois Central road is over, and it is a victory for the company. While the company has refused to discharge Division Superintendent Russell, it has, so the strikers claim, given them its word that Mr. Russell will no longer be allowed to exercise what the trainmen term a "one man power."

"No one will be discharged because of his connection with this strike," said the general superintendent, "ill-advised as it may have been. The men have done no deeds of violence, have destroyed no property, have deported themselves as gentlemen, at least in my presence, and on that score will not be militated against."

The Terms of the Settlement.

Among others thing the superintendent agreed that Russell will not have the power to hire or discharge other employes than those directly under him. Mr. Russell will still be superintendent of the Chicago division of the road and have the power to appoint the heads of departments under him and the clerks in his office, but no others. The power to oversee, hire and discharge brakemen, engineers, switchmen, conductors and firemen will rest with the heads of departments and not with Russell. The strikers to the number of over 400 considered Mr Sullivan's proposition for five hours and finally at 2 o'clock decided to accept it. It is expected that all trains will be running in a few hours and that the company can take care of its immense suburban business in a short time.

OTHER LABOR NEWS.

A Plan to Prevent Contract Glass-Blowers Coming Here.

NEW YORK, June 27.—J. P. Eberhart, president of the Glass Workers' union, at Pittsburg, visited the barge office Friday morning and held a long conference with Chief Contract Labor Inspector Millholland, about the importation of glass-blowers from Europe by the manufacturers of Pittsburg and vicinity. A plan was agreed upon for the prevention of glass-workers coming to this country under contract. Mr. Eberhart cabled to an agent in France for evidence in regard to the seven glass blowers who arrived on the Friesland Wednesday and are now detailed at the barge office. When received the evidence will be laid before Collector Erhardt.

Supported the Walking Delegates.

BOSTON, June 27.—The striking building laborers met Thursday night to take action on the manifesto issued by the master builders. After a long discussion they finally rejected the entire document chiefly on the ground that "walking delegates" are barred out of buildings that may be in process of erection. The stone masons voted to sustain the building laborers and rejected the manifesto. The bricklayers were in session and assured the building laborers they would adhere to the agreement not to handle brick or mortar served by non-union men.

The Miners and Their Scale.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 27.—The wages conference of the manufacturers and members of the Amalgamated association was in session again Friday considering the new scale. A large portion of it was gone over, but it will take several days to complete the work. It is stated that a number of manufacturers have made a proposition to the workers to sign last year's scale for three years. This would do away with the yearly scale agitation, but it is not regarded favorably by the workmen.

Suspender Makers on Strike.

NEW YORK, June 27.—A general strike of the Hebrew suspender makers took place Friday. They demand ten hours work a day, the employment of union men only and the non-employment of apprentices. About 500 men are out throughout city. The manufacturers will probably suspend business unless they can secure new hands.

The New York Cloak Makers.

NEW YORK, June 27.—The situation in the cloak makers' strike is still unchanged. Rumors are still prevalent that charges of conspiracy against members of the Manufacturers' association will be presented to the grand jury now in session.

The Sunday School Convention.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 27.—At the afternoon session of the international Sunday school convention Thursday the nominating committee presented a long list of the vice presidents and members of the executive committee, one person from each state, territory and province being named for vice president, and one on the executive committee. Quite a contest then took place between St. Louis, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles and Toronto for the next international convention in 1893, but Chicago withdrew in favor of St. Louis, and that city was selected.

The convention closed Friday.

Suicide of a Runaway Couple.

LONDON, June 28.—Several days ago a young bank clerk named Hasselbrink, eloped from Oldham with a young woman named Lutzke, to whom he had long been engaged to be married but whose parents opposed the match. The couple went to Copenhagen where they took rooms at a hotel. Their supply of money gave out and in despair of obtaining more they committed suicide.

Shot by a Burglar.

QUINCY, Ills., June 28.—E. D. Smith, district agent of the Star Union Freight line, was shot by a burglar who had gained entrance to his house. The ball passed through Mr. Smith's mouth and lodged in his neck, but there is hope of his recovery. The burglar escaped.

Chattanooga's Population.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 28.—The census of Chattanooga and suburbs approximates 45,000, an increase of 350 per cent. since 1880. The figures are several thousand short of what is shown by a recent directory census.

NOTES FROM FOREIGN CLIMES.

Wolseley Didn't Raise the Flag.

LONDON, July 1.—Lord Wolseley is in something of a muddle. He has quietly accepted for years from his biographer and others the credit of having raised the British flag on the mess house at the relief of Lucknow, in 1857. It was an act of some daring, and the reputation of having performed it brought him no little honor. Archibald Forbes has clearly shown, however, that not Wolseley, but Lieut. (now Gen. Sir Frederick) Roberts raised the flag on that occasion, under a shower of bullets from the enemy.

Parnell Makes a Grave Charge.

LONDON, July 1.—At the banquet of the National Liberal club Saturday in honor of the forty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Parnell, the latter, after eulogizing Justin McCarthy as the beau ideal of an Irish member, excused the Irish members who were absent on the occasion of the vote on the compensation clause, on the ground, among others, that if a whip had been issued it would have defeated its purpose, because the government opened all letters of Irish members.

Bank Failure at Buenos Ayers.

LONDON, July 1.—The Buenos Ayres correspondent of The Times telegraphs that the National Bank of Buenos Ayres suspended payment on Saturday and that the shares of the bank fell from 168 to 100 and closed at 118. A panic was created on the bourse at Buenos Ayres and a general feeling of distrust prevailed. Gold now commands a premium of 148.

Ferdinand's Absence Criticised.

LONDON, July 1.—The death warrant of Major Panitza received the signature of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, while the latter was on board a steamer bound for Vienna. The absence of Ferdinand from his capital at this time is severely criticised by the European press.

The Cholera at Valencia.

LONDON, July 1.—The Madrid correspondent of The Standard says: There was a total of eight deaths from cholera in the province of Valencia on Saturday. The epidemic has disappeared from the villages first attacked. Elsewhere in Spain the public health is good.

Welcomed by Queen Victoria.

LONDON, July 1.—On arriving at Windsor Sunday, the Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany and her suite were welcomed at the station by Queen Victoria.

Defeated the Dervishes.

LONDON, July 1.—A dispatch from Massowah says that the allies of the Italians have defeated at Keron a force of 1,000 dervishes, killing 150 of them.

The Cholera in Spain.

MADRID, July 1.—A few cases of cholera continue to be reported in Valencia. Sunday there were three deaths in Candia.

O'Connor Beaten by Stansbury.

SIDNEY, N. S. W., July 1.—In the sculling match on the Parametta Monday Stansbury beat O'Connor.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Two Great Blazes at Louisville—Seven Persons Injured.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 1.—The immense plant of the Allen Bradley Distillery company at Southall and Thorn streets, was completely destroyed by fire Monday morning, entailing a loss of not less than $150,000; fully insured. The distillery was formerly the celebrated Newcomb-Buchanan company. The Allen-Bradley company is headed by Marshall Allen, of New York, one of the greatest distillers in the world, and W. E. Bradley, of Frankfort. They have two other distilleries at the latter place. By hard work the fire was kept from the bonded ware house.

Another Great Blaze.

For three hours Monday morning a fierce fire raged at the refinery of the Standard Oil company in South Louisville, destroying the entire plant, including several tanks filled with oil. By the explosion of the tanks seven persons were injured. Their names are: John Klein, Seth Skene, John Pedige, John McDonald, Andrew McDonald, Daniel O'Neil, and John O'Neil. The injuries of John McDonald and Daniel O'Neil are considered fatal, while Skene is dangerously hurt. The loss is estimated at $50,000.

A Blaze at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 1.—At half-past 4 o'clock Monday morning a passer-by discovered a fire in rear of George Huhn's drug store on Nicollet avenue. It was two hours before the flames were extinguished. Marder Luse & Co., type founders, who occupied the upper stories, are the greatest losers. Their loss will exceed $50,000. Geo. Huhn's stock of drugs is almost a total loss, and the building is greatly damaged. He estimates the loss at $50,000. The loss is about half covered by insurance.

WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS.

A Magnificent Banquet Given Them at the Palmer House.

CHICAGO, June 27.—The great banquet room of the Palmer house presented Thursday evening a magnificent spectacle. Within it was given the princely entertainment tendered the members of the United States world's fair commission by the States association of Chicago. There were in all 340 gentlemen at table. Of this number 106 were state and national commissioners. To them were assigned the places of honor. The menu comprised ten courses, and it was nearly 11 o'clock before it was disposed of. After that a number of toasts were responded to with speeches, of which the enthusiastic theme was "No such word as fail." The most important announcement made during the oratory was that the Lake Front park site had been given up as a site.

Palmer Elected President.

Ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer, of Michigan, was Friday morning elected president of the World's Columbian exposition. The nomination was made by Mr. Martindale, of Indiana, and the mention of his name was the signal for an uproar. There was not a dissenting voice at the convention, and the gentleman from Michigan was unanimously the selection.

Col. John T. Dickinson, of Texas, was elected permanent secretary of the commission.

To Succeed Editor Aldrich.

BOSTON, June 28.—It is stated on good authority that Mr. Horace E. Scudder will succeed Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich as editor of The Atlantic. Mr. Scudder is associated with the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and is a successful novelist and essayist.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Ceremonious and Memorable Event at Philadelphia.

CATHEDRAL OF SS. PETER AND PAUL

Consecrated with All the Pomp and Ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church—Cardinal Gibbons and Other Distinguished Prelates Present—A Sermon by a Methodist Minister Attacking St. John's College Which Caused a Sensation.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.—With all the pomp and ceremony of the Roman Catholic church, the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, at Eighteenth and Race streets, was consecrated Monday. No more ceremonious or memorable event has ever transpired in the history of the church in America. The most distinguished prelates in the country attended, with Carninal Gibbons at their head, and the ceremonies were to the last degree solemn and impressive. All the magnificent accessories that pertain to the more important ritual of the church were present. Thousands of the faithful in this city, and from other cities as well, filled every foot of room and left crowds upon the street outside of the sacred edifice.

Made the Circle Thrice.

At 5:30 o'clock Monday morning the consecration service took place. The procession, which formed at that hour, made the circuit of the cathedral thrice, the archbishop sprinkling the walls with holy water. At the end of the third circuit the archbishop knocked with his staff on the door of the cathedral, which opened for him to enter with those of the clergy concerned in the consecration. The people and the rest of the procession remained outside. Ashes had been strewn on the church floor before the altar, and approaching the spot, Archbishop Ryan formed a cross with the letters of the Greek and Latin alphabets, symbolizing the instruction to be given to Catechumens in the elements of the Catholic faith.

Solemn Pontificial Mass.

The blessing of the five altars came next and then the consecrator and the clergy passed three times around the inside of the church, blessing the walls and the floor. The sepulchers under the altars and the ornaments and holy vessels were consecrated and the ceremony proper ended after enduring over four hours. The great public event was the celebration of solemn pontificial mass at 11 o'clock. The mass began with the greatest congregation ever held by the cathedral, now forever dedicated to the service of the Roman Catholic church. Cardinal Gibbons delivered a splendid oration on the occasion. After the mass was over the clergy went on a special train to St. Charles seminary, Overbrook, where dinner was served. Pontificial vespers were celebrated at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, and a sermon delivered by Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy, of Iowa.

A SENSATIONAL SERMON

Preached by a Metodist Minister About St. John's College.

BALTIMORE, July 1.—A tremendous sensation was created in Annapolis by a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. E. W. Huntley, pastor of the First Methodist church. He preached upon "the spirit of St. John's college is hostile to the principles of Methodism, and, therefore, the Methodist Episcopal church should furnish the institution with no more students." He said the duty of preaching upon this subject had been fixed upon him by what had taken place at St. John's college during the last few days, and he challenged the educational institutions of America to duplicate the variety of entertainments which had occurred in McDowell hall during the commencement week.

The Alumni Banquet.

He asked: "In what room, furnished by the authorities of any other college in America, has been given during a single commencement season such a variety of entertainments as the farewell hop, baccalaureate sermon, exercises of the Philokolian society, followed by a hop, exercises of the Philomathean society, followed by a hop, graduating exercises, alumni banquet, the menu of which specified Roman punch, sherry, claret, and champagne as among the things provided? The children of Methodist parents ought not to be committed to the care of an educational institution, some members of whose faculty are not averse to wine drinking, and three of whom, I am credibly informed, have been seen at one time playing pool or billiards in the billiard room of a hotel, and that within the last month.

Should Furnish No More Students.

"I am more than justified in calling your attention to the discussion of the proposition, the Methodist Episcopal church ought to furnish no more students for St. John's college—(1) because the dominant spirit of the institution is not conducive to the formation or development of Christian character, (2) because the college authorities permit and sanction proceedings which are hostile to the letter and inimical to the spirit of Methodism, (3) because this condition of things seems to have been accepted by the college as its settled policy and we have no data upon which to build a hope for any change which will render the administration less antagonistic to the principles of Methodism."

Crimes Resulting from Liquor.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 1.—During a quarrel at McKeesport Pat Brierly, a mill worker, shot a man named Ralston dead in a "speak easy." Brierly escaped across the river. At North Sewickley, a short distance from here, James Burnett stabbed Joe Cottley and instantly killed him. Both parties were under the influence of hard cider and bad beer. The murderer was captured in a short time.

Two Brothers Drowned.

CHICAGO, July 1.—William and Charles Hoffbauer, brothers, aged 12 and 8 years respectively, were drowned in the lake between Sixteenth and Eighteenth streets at 9 o'clock Sunday night. They were walking along the dock together, when Charles fell into the water. The brother jumped in for the purpose of rescuing him and both were drowned.

Too Rich for Credence.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—Col. Panfilio Almarez, of the American army, reached San Diego Wednesday from Jaurez, Lower California, and tells of a remarkable strike in the mountains near Juarez. He found gold ore so rich that with a hand mortar he got six pounds of gold. He declares that it is not a pocket, but there are millin sight.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

By the wrecking of a Missouri Pacific passenger train near Nevada, Mo., twenty-nine persons were injured, two of whom will die.

The Berlin police have refused a permit to Buffalo Bill's wild west show on the ground that it is demoralizing to youth.

Mrs. Houghton, a real estate dealer at Spokane Falls, Wash., is said to have made $250,000 in four years.

James Drew aged about 50 years, committed suicide Sunday at Butte, Mont., by placing himself in front of an approaching train.

Mrs. McClellan gave a dinner to the Count and Countess of Paris at London Saturday, Count de Paris having been on the staff of her husband during the civil war.

Aael Anderson was drowned in the mill race at Cedar Falls, Iowa, Sunday. He was a printer.

At Vernon, Ills., John Martin Saturday fired six shots at James Quayle, one shot striking him in the chin. The attack was unprovoked and is attributed to Martin's unreasonable jealousy of his wife.

The president of the National Educational association authorizes the statement that the preparations for the July meeting at St. Paul, Minn., are now complete, that railway tickets will be sold in all parts of the country for one fare for the round trip, that ample accommodations have been secured for 15,000 people.

The Western Union Telegraph company has made arrangements with the Ohio Valley Railroad company to secure possession of its telegraph lines.

Mr. Henry C. Bowen says that Chauncey M. Depew will be the Republican candidate for president in 1892.

Dalton, the American back swimmer, is training at Folkestone for a swim across the English channel.

The supreme court of Michigan says marriage brokers are frauds and that they ought to be sent to the penitentiary.

The widow of Senator Riddleberger has taken editorial charge of The Shenandoah Herald.

P. Tecumseh Sherman, son of Gen. W. T. Sherman, was one of a class of twenty-seven young lawyers admitted to the New York bar by the general term of the supreme court on Thursday.

A freight train was wrecked near North Bend, Pa., Saturday night, on the Pennsylvania road and an express train ran into the wreck. Millard Hilton, a section man, was killed.

Henry M. Stanley will come to America next October to fulfill the lecture engagement he broke off to go to Africa four years ago.

A paper recently started at Julian, Idaho, has for its motto "Grasp for all in sight and rustle for more."

A cowboy named Charles Morris was bitten on the nose six weeks ago by a skunk while lying asleep in camp, near Prescott, A. T., and a few days since died in great agony of hydrophobia.

Looks Like a Murder.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 1.—The decomposed and mutilated body of a man was found on Grand island, Niagara river. The coroner and police are investigating, and there are suspicions that a murder has been committed. John Meisner, a farmer, disappeared very mysteriously last October. The body, which was found hidden under a pile of bushes, was badly decomposed, and the skull, devoid of flesh, was several feet from the body. A cheap watch and knife found in the tattered clothes have been identified as belonging to Meisner. John Ackerman, one of Meisner's neighbors, has been arrested charged with the murder.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 30.

Following are the quotations on the board of trade to-day: Wheat—No. 2 July, opened 86¼c, closed 85¼c; September, opened 87⅝c, closed 87c; December, opened 86⅞c, closed 85¼c. Corn No. 2 June, opened —, closed 34c; July, opened 34¾c, closed 34c; September, opened and closed 35⅝c. Oats—No. 2 July, opened and closed 27¼c; August, opened and closed 25⅝c; September opened 26⅜c, closed 26¼c. Pork—July, opened $12.30, closed $12.50; August, opened $12.15, closed $12.30; September, opened $12.15 closed $12.20. Lard—July, opened $6.60, closed $6.62½.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices were quoted as follows: Hogs—Market opened slow and weak; prices 5c lower; light grades, $3.45@3.65 rough packing, $3.40@3.45 mixed lots, $3.45@3.60 heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.50@3.60.

Cattle—Market weak; very low; beeves, $3.40@4.70; bulk, $4.00@4.30; cows, $1.30@3.35; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.75; Texas grassers, $2. 0@3.30. Sheep—Dull; shade lower; muttons, $4.00@5.00; stockers and feeders, $4.00@5.00; lambs, $5.00@6.50.

Produce: Butter—Finest creameries, 13@13½ per lb.; finest dairies, 10@11c; packing stock, 4½@5c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 11@11½c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 9@9½c per lb.; turkeys, 8c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—On track — Tennessee, $3.75@4 per bbl; sweet potatoes, $3.50@3.75 per bbl. Apples—$4.00@5.00 per bbl. Strawberries—75c@$1.25.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5½@6½c per lb; whisk brush, 5¾@6½c; green, self-working, 4@5½c; inside and covers, 2½@4½c; common brush, 3½@3¾c; crooked, 2@ 4c.

New York.

NEW YORK, June 30.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 94½c cash; do July, 93½c; do August, 93¼c; do September, 93c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 41½c cash; do July, 41¼c; do August, 42c; do September, 43½c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 34c cash; do July, 34c; do August, 34c; do September, 33½c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $13.50@14.00. Lard—Quiet; July, $6.75; August, $6.10.

Live Stock: Cattle—Market firm at an advance of 10c ₱ 100 lbs on all grades; poorest to best native steers $4.35 ₱ 100 lbs; Texans, $3.40@3.90; bulls and dry cows, $2.40@3.25. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep ruled dull; lambs a shade firmer sheep, $4.25@5.75 ₱ 100 lbs; lambs, $5.75@7.87½. Hogs—Market steady; live hogs, $3.90@4.50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 30.

Wheat—Quiet, cash and July, 87½c; August, 87½c; September, 87¾c; December, 88½c. Corn—Quiet; cash and July, 34c; August, 30½c. Oats—Quiet; cash, 29½c; August, 26½c; September, 24½c. Clover seed—Neglected; cash, $3.60; October, $3.75.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.

Wheat—Unsettled; cash and July, 84½c; August, 83½c. Corn—Easier; cash, 34½c; July, 33¾@33¾c; August, 33c. Oats—Steady; cash, 28½c; July, 27c; August, 27½c. Pork—Dull; $11.50 cash. Lard—Nominal; $6.30. Whisky—Steady; $1.09.

Detroit.

DETROIT, June 30.

Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 87c; No. 2 red cash and July, 87½c; August, 87½c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 34½c; July, 35c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 31c; No. 2 white cash, 32½c.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, June 30.

Wheat—Easy; No. 2 spring on track cash, 83½@83½c; July, 82½c; No. 1 northern, 84c. Corn—Firm; No. 3 on track, 36c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white on track, 30c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1 in store, 47c. Barley—Quiet; No. 2 in store, 48c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JULY 5, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Adonis."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"TT."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — "The Vendetta."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Equine Wonders."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"IN GENERAL."—Several communications have been crowded out this week.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

A PRESIDENT WHO CAN'T RESIGN.

Mr. Parnell has finally ordered President Fitzgerald to give up all idea of holding a convention of the Irish National League of America, this year at least. Well, this is a pretty way to run things in America. THE CITIZEN is informed that the constitution of the League places it directly under Mr. Parnell's control. This being the case, Mr. Fitzgerald cannot be held responsible for the further postponement of the convention, and it is utterly unfair to assail him in that connection. Mr. Parnell virtually decides that Mr. Fitzgerald and the other League officers must hold over until he gives them leave to call a convention and get out in proper form. Of course none of the officers can resign—in face of the malignant charges that have been made against them—until a national convention of the League has declared upon their stewardship.

THE CITIZEN is thoroughly aware that the holding of office in the League is a financial detriment to every man so placed, and to none more than Mr. Fitzgerald himself. But, in reality, the latter day duty of the American League has been a very simple one—to collect money and send it to the treasurers of the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Mr. Parnell's action has not abrogated this duty. The American League is still welcome to send all the money it can get together, but it must not meet, it must not talk—it must not say "boo," in fact, until Mr. Parnell thinks it judicious. This is a new idea of Home Rule. Subjects hold citizens subject to their orders, and citizens, whom the enslaved should look up to and be proud of, are, by this recent strange process, brought into contempt and ridicule. The subservient policy of the American Irish, as exemplified in the so called National League, has not been productive of good results. It has pleased neither Ireland nor America. It is a spectacle much calculated to demoralize, this riding of the Irish-American League by gentlemen who are bound by oath to be loyal to the Queen of England and Empress of India.

The American League will never amount to a hill of beans, except for purposes of collection, so long as it permits any force, moral or physical, outside of this country to dictate to it. The English are very wise, and they know well what morally timid souls most of their Irish subjects, engaged in parliamentary practice, are. Naturally they calculate that this moral timidity will have due effect in America. "How very extraordinary, you know," thinks John Bull. "These Irish are strange kind of fellows, you know. Here they kicked like the deuce in Ireland, because the Queen ruled them there, you know; and now, in America, they are governed, through the Irish members of parliament, quite like loyal subjects, you know. Very extraordinary, indeed." You are quite in the right this time, at least, Mr. Bull.

Well, President Fitzgerald has only to grin and bear it. He is in the grasp of a giant affectionately disposed—a giant that wishes to hold on to him. Most presidents spend their leisure hours in forming intrigues to bring around a second term, but Mr. Fitzgerald is kicking himself black and blue, because he cannot get out! Resign he cannot—in fact he must not. Such a luxury is not to be thought of. "Parnell says he mus'n't." That settles it. Never since the creation of the world was executive of an organization placed in such a fix. All other presidents can resign when they want to, but the president of the National League of America must hold on until he is released by an edict from a British subject! Mr. Fitzgerald's unpleasant dilemma reminds THE CITIZEN very forcibly of those peculiar electrical apparatuses, of which a man may take hold easily, but cannot let go until the current is cut off. We have seen many a stalwart man "held up" in the fashion described, perspiration streaming from his million pores, and the air around him hot with language unfit most certainly, for ears pious and polite.

Well, old man, take your medicine. There is no way out of it. Parnell has his hand on the battery, and you are fairly trapped. THE CITIZEN can hardly blame Parnell for making the most of his stalwart captive. The weakness lies in the constitution. Constitutions have always played the mischief with Irish movements. Henry Grattan got badly "struck" on the British constitution, which he apostrophized as if such an instrument were not merely a phantom of his vivid imagination. Flood put a different value on the chimera. O'Connell sang the song of "the constitution" from the time he put on the uniform of the Lawyer's Corps of Yeomen—alias "the Devil's Own"—in Dublin at the end of the last century until he bade a sad farewell to the country his constitutionalism had destroyed, in 1847. Constitutions agree with some people, but not with the Irish. We find ourselves constitutionalizing again in this era, and so, perhaps, it may be for generations to come. By the end of the coming century, mayhap, the Maori artist who may be sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, on the Thames, may behold a companion picture in the last representative of Irish agitation whistling jigs to a mossy milestone under the crumbling walls of that old slave market, where Irish independence was sold, in College Green.

O'BRIEN OF MALLOW.

It is reported that William O'Brien has purchased Lohort Castle, near Kanturk, county Cork. If this is true, William will be representing the old O'Brien's in good feudal fashion.

Sharp is the tongue of Tim Healy! yea,
Dark are the hills of Duhallow.
Balfour jails five hundred men a day,
But here's to O'Brien of Mallow!

The Saxons are angry because he's grown rich—
None of his fields will run fallow—
He's got his own true love, fair Raffalovich,
So here's to O'Brien of Mallow!

Should the red Saxon dare come with a cohort,
Soon in his gore would he wallow—
No foeman can storm the gray walls of Lohort,
When held by O'Brien of Mallow!

Soon may the wrongs of the old land be righted,
Many's the blessing will hallow
The day that saw France and Erin united—
The Bride and O'Brien of Mallow!

God prosper Sophie, and O'Brien the Brave!
May the wells of true love ne'er grow shallow!
God send Erin her "best men" from over the wave
To strike with O'Brien of Mallow!

Throng ye merrily round him, both clansman and vassal,
Red wine abundantly swallow,
Three cheers for the lady, the land and the castle
And ten for O'Brien of Mallow!

GEORGE GOOSE AND "CRAZY JANE."

The British "Americans," with their customary deceit, came a sharp trick on the city council of Philadelphia recently. They secured the use of Independence Hall under false pretenses, and, having gained entrance, proceeded to prove that they were indeed *Brutish* "Americans" in true Saxon fashion. Among the bigots who distinguished themselves on the occasion was the man George R. Goose, of this city, who devoted himself chiefly to an attack upon the Catholics and Lutherans of this country. He was out-goosed, however, by a party of the name of George J. L. Jane, also from this city, who had the unblushing impudence to declare that "it was the Briton who over a century ago sounded the warning cry to the people of this country that their liberty was at stake, and it remained for the Britons of these later days, organized as the British-American Association of the United States, to again sound the alarm, and to say to the citizens of this young nation: 'Americans, as you value your freedom, be vigilantly on your guard.' The enemies of freedom at the present day came in a totally different form from that which characterized the army which met our forefathers. They were undermining and weakening the foundation and bulwarks of our priceless and blood-bought liberties, and still native-born Americans slumbered on, and it is the cry of the British-American that is heard ringing forth: 'Americans, be on your guard.' Today, through the lack of such vigilance, the hot shot of sedition and treason is being poured into the minds of young Americans by a power which teaches, under the guise of religion, that the Pope of Rome is their only sovereign and that they *owe* their first allegiance to him, rather than to their native land."

The foregoing was indeed the warning of the goose to to the eagle. "Crazy Jane" knows full well that the weak point in the armor of American commonsense is a morbid dread of the Pope, who, good old man, is entirely oblivious of the terror he inspires among a certain class of people in this Republic. But it is really funny to listen to George Goose and "Crazy Jane" talking about the loyalty of "the Briton"—an apocryphal personage by the way—to this Republic. "The Briton," in 1770, shot down the people, white and black, in the streets of Boston without provocation. "The Briton," in April, 1775, raided Lexington and Concord, like a robber and fire-bug, and got whipped like a thievish dog, back to the old "Hub" by the Minute Men of Massachusetts for his pains. "The Briton," in the same year, stabled his horses in the Old South Church, and desecrated Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty. "The Briton," in 1777, let loose the savage Indians in the Valley of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, to massacre and outrage American men, women and children. "The Briton," throughout the war of the Revolution, kept American prisoners of war in close confinement in his prison hulks until they died of foul air, scurvy and starvation. The list of "the Briton's" evil deeds against America might be kept up even unto our own day, but *cui bono?* The whole world knows of them, and neither George Goose nor "Crazy Jane" can change the world's opinion of "the Briton," who kidnapped our sailors on the high seas in 1812, and who gave us the dagger in the back in 1861.

About the only "Briton" of account who warned America of her danger in 1775-6 was Thomas Paine, and he repudiated "the Britons" most heartily. He is the man who said "Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America," and who proclaimed to all men as follows: "The world is my country—to do good my religion." Unfortunately, Mr. Paine, who in politics, was a giant, proved himself, subsequently, to be a pigmy in theology; but it is said, on what appears to be good authority, that he died repentant. That is more, THE CITIZEN much fears, than either George Goose or "Crazy Jane" will do.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL NAME.

Some people want to change the beautiful, rhythmical name of America to Columbia. Why? Merely, they say, as a principle of justice. In that case the early Irish have a claim, and so have the Scandinavians. Christopher Columbus, or Columbo, or Colon, for we have seen the name rendered differently by various writers, American and foreign, discovered San Salvador, and other West India Islands, also a portion of the South Atlantic coast, but it was Vespuccio Amerigo, or Vespucius Americus, who surveyed the great continent and gave it definite shape upon the maps of the world. Those two great men were natives of Italy, and "flourished" at about the same period. There is no very good reason why two mighty continents should be named after either. Hesperia—the Western land—would be just as euphonious and would mean much more. But the name of America, because of the glories achieved under that designation, has become dear to all true lovers of this soil. Under that name, the country has risen from being "a giant without bones" to be a mammoth power upon this earth. Under that name it broke the shackles of Spain and France and England, and placed its stars imperishably in the firmament of human freedom.

America humbled the tyrant, freed the subject and emancipated the slave. The designation "America" applies particularly to the United States. Technically we have a United States government, and a United States army and navy, but who ever thinks of calling our government, our army and navy, our constitution, our laws and our flag anything else than American? It is true that Columbus was the first of our modern discoverers. He was not over fortunate in life, but he has been remembered and honored in death, for, while America remains our geographical name, Columbia is the sentimental designation of our country. The United States of Columbia, on the Southern American Continent, proclaim the fact that the Latin race, at least, is true to the memory of the reputed original discoverer of the Western world. But the name of America suits us best of all. It is strong, familiar and musical, and will grow dearer, as it grows older, to the hearts of all its children, native and adopted.

PATRICK KEADY, who killed the Rev. Father S. M. Barrett, of St. Stephen's church, several weeks ago, was found insane by a jury in the Criminal court on Wednesday, and was, by order of the court, committed to the Kankakee Insane asylum for life.

MR. JOHN S. COOKE'S splendid summer hotel at Lake Geneva, Wis., would seem to be the favorite resort of most Chicagoans. Those who have enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Cooke's sylvan palace speak of it in enthusiastic terms. Mr. Cooke is one of those happily constituted business men who make a success of everything they undertake.

IT would seem that the World's Fair Commissioners have at last decided on what may be called a double barreled site for the proposed mammoth exposition—the Lake Front and Jackson Park. THE CITIZEN doesn't care a cent where the great fair is to be held, so long as its promoters make it a credit to America. It is a national, not a local, undertaking, but Chicago, for her own honor, must do the lion's share of the work.

"CRAZY JANE" said, at the banquet given by the Anglo American club, of Philadelphia, to the visiting British-Americans, that "Queen Victoria during the Civil War was in favor of the North, that is the Union." Yes, Jane, as much as the devil is in favor of holy water. He also said that no member of parliament who advocated southern interests was sent back by the people. The brazen liar! Why, without going further, Old Man Gladstone, who subscribed $20,000 to the Confederate loan, has been in parliament ever since.

THE funeral of Rev. Andrew McDevitt of St. Gabriel's parish, Town of Lake, was held Thursday morning from the Cathedral of the Holy Name. The deceased was born in county Kerry, Ireland, Dec. 25, 1859. He was ordained priest in 1888 by Archbishop Feehan. The large number present at the requiem mass testified to the esteem in which the young priest was held.

MR. PARNELL declared at a banquet given in his honor last Saturday in London that under no circumstances would he accept a government office. Strange! Who has been feeling the honorable gentleman? We congratulate him on his manly declaration. But how about the very well defined rumor that Gladstone has abandoned Home Rule in favor of a bill for local (county) government in Ireland?

Reviewed by the Scotch.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"The Last of the Indian Wars" might have been the name of Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac." It tells in a rattling and vigorous fashion the story of the Indian campaigns of 1876-9, which ended in the subjugation of the Sioux and allied tribes, who, under their leader, Sitting Bull, offered so stubborn a resistance to the westward march of civilization, in the fortresses of the Black Mountains and on the Canadian border. Mr. Finerty accompanied successive expeditions as correspondent. The circumstances of these running and dodging fights of rifle against tomahawk compelled him repeatedly to play the belligerent's part, and placed him in imminent danger of death from starvation or under the scalping knife. He was personally and intimately acquainted with the officers who took a leading part in the operations. His narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. Gen. Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the "Bad Lands," or on the wide stage of the prairie; and Gen. Custer is the chief martyr. The "red man" also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close. Mr. Finerty describes the final scene, where Gen. Miles waited orders from Washington for the disposal of the crowd of captured half-breeds who were encamped close by his position on the Missouri river. The weather was delightful, and the moon at its best. The general and his staff rode over to the half-breed camp. "The light hearted creatures had had supper, and, to the inspiring sounds of dozens of violins and other musical instruments, were dancing on the green under the gracious beams of the moon as calmly as if they were beyond the line, and not under the thumb of a very resolute American general. The sight was an exceedingly pretty one, and several of the soldiers were granted the privilege of dancing a round or two with dusky but, for all that, graceful and lovely partners." The directions were that the half-breeds might go if they promised not to hunt on the States' side of the border line. It made little difference whether they obeyed or not, for within a couple of years all the game had disappeared from the region. "Gen. Miles and his staff, from a high bluff above Milk river, saw the last grand muster of the great northern herd of buffalo, once counted by the million, on the evening of Aug. 4, 1879. The only specimens of the noble game now existing are to be found near the Staked Plains of Texas, in the Yellowstone National Park, and in some of our zoological parks or gardens." It was "the end of an old song;" for with the bison disappeared the Indian difficulty.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM M BROPHY.

Mr. William M. Brophy, a well known and highly respected citizen, departed this life after a brief illness, at his residence, No. 555 East Division street, on Wednesday, June 25. The funeral occurred on the following Saturday. The remains were taken to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Butler, and thence conveyed by carriages to Calvary cemetery. The pall-bearers were Matt Farley, Richard Doyle, Patrick Boucher, James O'Connor, John Maher and P. M. Riley. Mr. Brophy was born on North Clark street, near Kinzie, in 1853, and consequently was about 37 years of age. He was a prominent member of the Irish-American Club and other societies. He was possessed of a kind and generous heart, and leaves a family and hosts of friends who will ever cherish his memory. May he rest in peace.

MATRIMONIAL.

KEEFE-CLEARY.

Dr. J. E. Keefe and Miss Bessie Cleary, daughter of James Mansfield Cleary, were united in marriage at the Church of the Holy Angels on the 25th ult. Nuptial mass was celebrated at 9:30 o'clock, the Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor of the Holy Angels, officiating. A reception was subsequently held at the residence of the bride's father, and was attended by the families of the contracting parties. The youthful couple left for a wedding trip in the Northwest early in the afternoon. Dr. and Mrs. Keefe will be at home after August 1, at No. 395 Fortieth street. Many handsome and costly presents were received.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

REFUSED TO INDICT.

At the Carlow quarter sessions on Monday last the grand jury refused to return a true bill in the case of a man named Byrne from Tinryland, Carlow, who was charged with obstructing a sheriff's bailiff, "Hero" Moore, when making a seizure of cattle.

ALLEGED MOONLIGHTING.

John Ward and John Seery were recently arrested, charged with having fired into the dwelling of Mrs. Sullivan, Kilmuckland, near Clara.

A STRIKE

There is a strike in the West Gate Cotton Factory, Drogheda.

CONDEMNING P. S O'REILLY.

The following resolution was passed by the Drumard League at their last regular meeting:

"*Resolved*, That we, who have hitherto supported P. S. O'Reilly, chairman of the Granard board, now feel constrained to condemn him because of his recent anti-National vaporings in the board room, and we tell him that the man who speaks irreverently of the Irish leader at the present juncture is an open enemy to the country."

EVICTED.

A correspondent from Cooley writes that on the 6th ult. a number of evictions took place on the estate of Mr. Finlay Chester, at Millgrange, Greenore. The parties evicted were Mrs. McAdara, Michael Killen, Mary Killen and Patrick Killen.

QUEEN'S COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Two matches for the above championships was decided on the Heath Gaelic Grounds in presence of a large number of spectators, in a field kindly given for the purpose by Mr. R. Booth. The first match on the programme was Abbeyleix vs Branra. This was the second time this year for those teams to compete in the present championships. After playing a tie before, it was considered to be a very close contest, and at call of time Abbeyleix was declared the winners by four points to two for Branra. Rev. L. Hosey, C.C., Clonaslee, acted as referee.

Killenard vs Graiguenasmutton—This was a very evenly contested match. The Graigues were defeated by one goal for the Wide-Awakes to one point for the Graigues. Referee, Martin Dunne, Moyanna G.A.A.

DIED.

Mr. A. Whan died recently at his residence, Clanbrassil street, Dundalk.

DISOBEYED THE FACTORY ACT.

Patrick Keelan, draper, Mullingar, was fined 10s for having young women working on his premises after 4 o'clock on Saturday, and for not exhibiting the Factory act regulations. The penalty was made nominal, because this was the first prosecution of the kind in Mullingar.

LEFT FOR AMERICA.

A number of young ladies from the county Wexford recently left their native land for missionary life in America. Their destination is Davenport Convent, Iowa. Among them are Miss Mary Connolly, daughter of Owen Connolly, and Miss Maggie Murphy, formerly of Mounthoward. This is the second of the Misses Murphy who has entered the Davenport Convent, and she and her young friend Miss Connolly will be accompanied on the voyage by Denis Murphy, who was evicted from Mounthoward.

TRANSFER OF LICENSES.

At a recent sitting of the Naas quarter sessions, the following applications for transfer of licenses were granted: Laurence Calgan, Kilcock, from the name of Mary Kealy; Sarah Kavanagh, Main street, Naas, from the name of John Kavanagh, and Mary Coogan, Leixlip, from the name of Eliza Coogan.

GAELIC SPORTS.

A well contested match of football was played on the Moorefield Club grounds. Great numbers were in the field. Monasterevan and Kilcullen furnished the clubs. The former won.

FOUNDATION STONE.

Archbishop Walsh laid the foundation stone of the new schools about to be built in Little Strand street, Dublin, for the Roman Catholic poor children.

AN ACCIDENT.

While Mr. Thomas Drought, Whitgsboro, and his servant were driving through Parsonstown, his horse bolted, and the car coming against a curb stone, was overturned, throwing its occupants to the ground. Mr. Drought sustained a slight scratch on the hand, and the man a cut on the head, which is not of a very serious nature.

CAN BE SEEN THIRTY SEVEN MILES.

On a clear day ships at sea may be seen thirty-seven miles away from the summit of Bray Head (798ft); thirty two miles from the top of the Hill of Howth (560 feet), and thirty miles from the Obelisk, Killiney (474 feet.)

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Probably the largest gathering that ever attended Gaelic sports in Dublin was that present at Clonturk Park for the purpose of witnessing the great inter-county hurling and football contests between the picked men of Dublin and Tipperary. There must have been at lowest calculation over six thousand people within the confines of Clonturk.

Football (Dublin vs Tipperary)—The Tipperary men had the best of the play, the Dubliners getting somewhat disorganized, and at the conclusion the scores stood: Tipperary, 1 goal and 6 points; Dublin, 1 goal and 2 points.

Teams—Dublin: J. Errity, goal; full backs, E. Madden, right, J. Flanagan, centre, and G. Rohn left; half backs, J. Murphy, right, D. Holland, centre, and J. Brown, left; quarter backs, P. McGillicuddy and T. Keating; wing, D. Condon and P. Hore, right, and M. Mooney and T. R. Byrne, left; centre, M. Byrne, P. Byrne, T. Hughes, and Carraneer; forwards, J. Quane, Murphy, T. O'Dea, and P. V. Muldowney.

Tipperary: W. P. Ryan, captain; J. Davern, goal; J. O'Shea, full back; Jack Ryan, W. Anglen and Jack Cranley, halves; P. Finn, D. Sheehan and J. Kiely, quarter backs; P. Cummins, right, and J. Gubbins, left wings; J. Ryan, T. Dwyer, G. Kavanagh, M. O'Connell, P. Slattery, and M. Power, centre; M. Lyons, P. Dwyer, Ronan Ryan and J. C. Lee, forwards.

After some delay the hurlers lined up and crossed camans, and the Dubliners once more proved physically inferior to the countrymen. The Tipperary men were declared the winners by a goal and seven points to one point.

After the contests the Tipperary men entertained by the County Dublin committee in Clonturk House, kindly tendered for the occasion by J. F. Lombard, J.P.

OPEN-AIR SERVICES.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant incidents which have already attended the action on the part of Protrstant clergymen in Arklow in holding open-air religious services in the town, these gentlemen—Rev. R. C. Hallowes, rector of Arklow; Rev. J. W. Harrison, his curate; Rev. J. Hoffe, incumbent of Kilbride; and Rev. John Harpur, Methodist minister—have persisted in carrying out their self-imposed mission, and there was recently a renewal of the disorderly scenes which are so much regretted by all respectable people in the town.

MUNSTER.

MORE SMITH BARRY EVICTIONS.

Three evictions took place on the Smith-Barry property in Tipperary recently, the premises taken possession of being the corn stores of Messrs. English, the offices of the Tipperary *People*, and the residence of Miss Walsh.

REMANDED FOR MURDER.

The constabulary drove to Ballyheigue, some thirteen miles from Tralee, and arrested a young man named Hackett, who was charged with the murder of Patrick Flahive there in August, 1886. He was taken into the constabulary barracks at Tralee and later in the day brought before a magistrate and remanded.

HURLING CONTEST.

The Inniscarra and Aghabollogue teams met for the second time at Blarney for the purpose of deciding the hurling championship of the Mid-Cork Division, which had been held by the former for two years in succession. The contest was one of the most brilliant seen on any hurling field since the revival of Gaelic pastimes. Ten minutes before half-time was called the Aghabollogue men gained the only goal scored during the day. David Walsh acted as referee.

WILL ACCOMMODATE THE NUNS.

At the meeting of the Newcastlewest board of guardians, Mr. Leahy presiding, the local government board wrote under their seal sanctioning the expenditure of £1,060 for the purpose of providing a building to accommodate the nuns who are about to take charge of the union hospital.

ASSAULTED EMERGENCYMEN.

Daniel Connors was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and his brother Thomas to one month at the Castlemartyr petty sessions, for having assaulted emergencymen who were driving their mother's cattle to pound.

STRUCK WORK.

The masons employed in the construction of the Mitchelstown railway station and other masonry works on the line struck work for a 3 o'clock stop on Saturdays, which the sub-contractor, Mr. Walsh, has refused to grant.

WON A SCHOLARSHIP.

Mr. Charles O'Brien, a Cork student, has won a thirty guinea scholarship in common and criminal law at the Middle Temple.

INTIMIDATED A LANDGRABBER.

At the Ballinaspittle sessions, county Cork, before Messrs. G. R. Cronin, R.M., Michael Donovan, of Ballinadee, was charged with having intimidated one William Haynes who took the farm from which defendant was evicted in 1886. Mr. Donovan has already undergone terms of imprisonment under the Coercion act, and he gallantly defended his homestead against the evictors. Some time after this eviction his farm was grabbed by Haynes. Mr. Donovan has been living for the past four years in a hut erected by the National League, and has been maintained by grants from the Central League.

CURIOUS CASE OF SMUGGLING.

At the Skibbereen petty sessions the customs authorities charged Kievan Cotter, of Cape Clear, owner of the fishing smack Sarah Gale, of which he was also "skipper," with having on board his vessel at Baltimore on May 17 ten gallons of rum, thirteen cases of cigars, and fifty-one pounds of tobacco (manufactured) without having paid duty. The solicitors for defendant asked for a dismiss, on the ground that no evidence of the value of the goods had been given. Amid some merriment the magistrates acceded to the application.

ATTEMPTED STABBING.

Patrick Doyle, of Ennis, was charged by Mary O'Connor with attempting to stab her at the Atlantic Hotel, Lisdoonvarna, where she was employed as servant. The weapon used was a carving knife. The accused was bound to the peace.

ORDINATIONS.

The following students of St. John's College, Waterford, were promoted to the priesthood by the Most. Rev. Dr. Egan, on Sunday, June 15: Revs. Charles McCarthy, Michael Walsh, Patrick Kearney, Patrick O'Donnell, John Ready, and Patrick O'Donnell, for the diocese of Waterford; Rev. James Coffey, Dunedin; Rev. Edmund Mulcahy, Port Augusta; Rev. William Doyle, Port Augusta; Rev. John Gibbons, Armidale; Rev. Patrick Hawe, Pittsburg: Rev. Michael Kinsella, Halifax; Rev. James Synnott, Sale; Rev. M. Hoynes, Sale; Rev. John O'Shea, Wilcania. The Rev. Patrick Ward and Rev. Walter Doody were promoted to deaconship. The two students, Rev. William Allen and Rev. John Barry, who completed their studies

in St. John's College, were ordained priests by the Bishop of Liverpool, for his diocese, on the 1st of June.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. R. B. Feehan has been unanimously elected chairman of the Carrick-on Suir town commissioners.

The Most Rev. Dr. Phelan, Pittsburg, U.S.A., is at present on a visit to his brother, Very Rev. Canon Phelan, P. P., Windgay, county Kilkenny.

The son of the late Joseph G. Biggar has passed his final examination as a solicitor, and thereupon becomes entitled to £30,000 under his father's will.

A laborer named O'Brien, in the employ of Mr. Egan, near Mullinahone, was found dead in a field on June 7. He had been clipping a hedge, and must have fallen on the shears, as there was a large wound in the breast, which pierced the heart.

A very fine specimen of the art of illumination is at Mr. Gilbert's, Patrick street, in the shape of an address from the parishioners of Ballincollig to Rev. Canon Maguire, on the occasion of his leaving that parish to take charge of St. Fin Barr's.

The annual Tipperary gathering was held on Barronstown course. The weather was most unfavorable, which kept great numbers from attending. The racing, however, was of an excellent description. The treasurer was Michael Carew, and secretaries, James Dobbyn and D.Conway, Tipperary.

A county championship match between the Mitchel (Tralee) vs Hoopers (Ballymacelligott) was recently contested in Tralee. It proved most interesting. The Mitchels won by two points to nil.

Mr. D. McNamara, newsvendor, Ennis, who has served several terms of imprisonment in defiance of coercion, is about to emigrate to America, and has received a letter of recommendation from William O'Brien which speaks highly of his services to the national cause.

CONNAUGHT.

COERCION COLLAPSE.

John Coen, Michael Dervin, John Scully, Patrick Coen and William Coen were prosecuted at Portumna for an alleged riotous assault on Constables McGowan and Grady and two Clanricarde emergencymen, Dopson and Kingsbury, a little distance from Portumna, opposite Mrs. Kelly's residence, where some of the evicted tenants of Clanricarde had received shelter. The constables and emergencymen were proved the real offenders, and the others were discharged.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

The Headford and Tuam teams recently played a good game on the grounds of the former. After an hour's suberb play the rangers were declared the winners by four points to nil.

PUBLIC FUNERAL IN BALLINA.

The funeral of James Farrell, of Ballyholan Woolen Mills, was made the occasion of a public demonstration of sympathy, impressive and unique in character. The Mechanics' Band drew up before the hearse with craped drums. To the strains of the "Dead March in Saul" the cortege then proceeded to Lieque cemetery followed by a large concourse of people.

REV. FATHER HEANEY.

The archbishop has appointed the Rev. Father Heaney, P. P., Kilconley, to succeed the Very Reverend and lamented G. J. Canon Bourke in the parish of Cummer.

GAELIC SPORT.

In the locality of historic Dohern great numbers recently assembled to witness a footbal match between the Gaels, of Keash Corran, and Achonry's own "Red Hugh's," which was a great success. At close of play the score stood: Keash, one goal and three points; Achonry, two points.

REV. FATHER M'ANDREW.

The archbishop has appointed the venerated P. P. of Letterfrack to the pastoral charge of the parish of Athenry, lately rendered vacant by the lamented death of Very Rev. Canon Thomas.

ATHLONE UNION.

Mr. Peter Keogh, of Taughmaconnell, an evicted tenant farmer, has been elected Master of the Athlone Union by a majority of three votes over Mr. Donnelly.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

The archbishop has been pleased to appoint Rev. Father Canton, C.A., of Tuam, to the pastoral charge of Letterfrack, and Rev. John Begley, C A., Westport, to that of Kilconly. Rev. John Loftus, C. C., succeeds in the administratorship of Tuam. Rev. James Heaney, C. C., Belclare, is promoted administrator of Kilmeena. Rev. William McHugh, C.C., is changed from Castlebar to Tuam; Rev. Mark Eagleton, C C., from Clifden to Belclare; and Rev. Father Heavey, Professor St. Jarlath's College, to Castlebar.

STRIKE AT ATHLEAGUE.

The men employed at the Suck Drainage works, at Athleague, went on strike for higher wages. They were getting 12s per week, and their demand is 14s per week.

CLONBERNE GAELIC TOURNAMENT.

On June 8, the annual football tournament came off at Clonberne. The morning looked heavy, rain falling in torrents; notwithstanding the heavy downpour many of the invited teams put in a respectable appearance. The Clonberne Davitts vs. Dunmore McHales were first to cross hands. The match was declared a draw by the referee, Mr. T. Silk, Tuam —one goal two points placed to the credit of the respective teams. Williamstown Erin's Hope vs. Cortoon Shamrocks next lined up. Erin's hopes proved an over match for the Shamrocks. Next in order were Celclare Parnellites vs. Kilkerrin United Brothers. This match was well contested, neither side scoring. Kilkerrin may well be proud of holding their own against the Parnellites, who are admitted by all to be a splendid team, but worked under disadvantage traveling 14 miles in the rain to compliment their friends, the Davitts.

HELD FOR MURDER.

A very sad occurrence took place recently near Kilkerrin. It appears that on Sunday evening, May 11, some young men were returning home from the village of Kilkerrin, when a dispute arose between John Kelly, of Morganroe, and James Hughes of Cloonkeel. They challenged each other to fight, but their friends interferred and separated them. James Hughes then armed himself with two stones, and threw one of them at Kelly with such force, striking him on the head, that it knocked him senseless on the road. He was brought home, but although he was attended by Drs. McDonnell and O'Kelly, he never recovered consciousness, and died on the night of May 14, never having spoken from the time he got the blow. James Hughes has been arrested and lodged in Galway jail on the verdict of the coroner's jury for wilful murder.

BROKE HIS LEG.

On the night of June 7, Sergeant Watson, of the Sligo police, broke his leg in helping in the rescue of the captain of the bark Lyons, of Belfast. Sergeant Watson is laid up in hospital.

DEATHS.

Rev. Father Spelman, C.C., Moycullen, died recently of fever caught in the discharge of his sacred duties.

Mrs. Sarah Smyth, of Ballina, mother of Father Smyth, Belmullett, and of Mr. P. G. Smyth, of Chicago, died recently. The solemn offices for the dead were performed in the Cathedral.

Rev. Mother Francis died at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Roscommon, recently.

We regret to announce the death of Patrick McKeon, of Cartronlena, after a brief illness, of bronchial attack. His death is deeply deplored.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, has been pleased to appoint Very Rev. James Madden, P.P., Lusmagh, to the pastoral charge of Tynagh. A testimonial and address are to be presented to him.

The laborers employed on the railway now in course of construction between Claremorris and Ballinrobe, have struck for increase of wages. Since the opening of the works they have been paid at the rate of fourteen shillings per week. They demanded an advance of four shillings a week.

Mr. John Harrison, late of Athlone, has been appointed agent for the Grand Canal Company in Portumna.

The Woodford and Loughrea lines has been surveyed and the plans have been prepared for lodgment. The undertaking is most popular, and is receiving very encouraging support from all classes of ratepayers.

Rev. Father Bowes, principal of St. Michael's Seminary, Ballinasloe, has so far recovered health that he has resumed his duties in the Seminary.

ULSTER.

"WEEKLY STAR."

The Belfast *Evening Star* having ceased publication, is now replaced to some extent by the *Weekly Star*, a paper of the same size, advocating the same principles, and under the same management.

UNIONIST CANDIDATE.

A convention of the Loyalist Association of delegates from the Loyalist Association was held in the Orange Hall, Col. Lowry, V. L., president, in the chair. There were also present Messrs. H. W. Chambre, R. Stevenson, Thomas H.Aiken, R. Newton, A. Adair, Dr. Magill, A. L. Nicholson, J.P.'s; Revs. E. F. Campbell, R. T. Simpson, J. M. Young, Wm. Glen, L. Richards, and others. Mr. Dunbar Barton, Q C., was selected by a large majority to contest East Tyrone.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.

The reredos recently erected by the rector, the Rev. C. T. Ovenden, in the parish church of Enniskillen, was removed recently, and not a trace of it is to be found. It has formed the subject of a hot controversy for some time between the bishop and rector, and the select vestry, who are supported by the congregation, against what they hold to be Ritualistic practices.

SHADOWING AGAIN.

Shadowing is not it seems confined to the south. In the peaceful district of Carrickmacross, which had hitherto enjoyed exemption from its irksome operations, it has flourished since the late "suppressing" of the League in the Barony of Farney. On the Sunday following the issuing of the proclamation Father O'Doherty, one of the curates of Carrickmacross parish, went to the two country chapels at Corcreagh and Corduff to celebrate mass. At Corduff chapel there were four policemen to watch the movements.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY IN ULSTER.

A Dungannon correspondent says: While some people were working in a bog at a place called Garvagh, some distance from Donoughmore, a human head was found which had been decapitated from the body. The hair, which was very long, was plaited round the head and the eyes were protruding.

EVICTIONS.

An eviction campaign, on a rather extensive scale, opened in the county Donegal. Operations on Thursday were confined to the estate of Mrs. Stewart, between Falcarragh and Gortohork. Thirteen evictions were carried out. At the house of Daniel Mulheron the tenant's wife flung a heavy stool at Bankhead, the estate bailiff. It struck him on the head, and felled him. The woman was arrested and brought before Mr. Bourke, R. M., who remanded her.

MR. ROCHFORD MAGUIRE.

The new nationalist member for North Donegal, Mr. Rochford Maguire, is an Irish Protestant and a native of the county Roscommon. He is a graduate of Oxford, and has for some years taken a strong interest in Irish political affairs. He has lived for the last few years in South Africa. Mr. Maguire has been, and is still, connected with the De Beers mine, and it is understood has made a considerable fortune. He acted as the intermediary between Mr. Rhode and Mr. Parnell when he made his munificent gift of £10,000 to the funds of the Irish party.

Football.

Arrangements are completed for a football match between the Emmet and Davitt G. A. Clubs. The game will be played at the Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue grounds, on Sunday, July 6, commencing at 3:30 p m. Capt. Wolfe will coach the Davitts, while the Emmets will play under the generalship of Capt. P. Fleming. Martin, the Innisfail captain, will act as referee. Lovers of foot ball should not miss this treat, for such it will prove, as the Davitts are determined to do all that in them lies to lower the standard of the, as yet, unbeaten Emmets; while the latter club are just as determined to add fresh laurels to their wreath. A feature of the game will be the wonderful demeanor and discipline of the boys when on the field, as all who have seen recent games will bear witness.

VACATION DAYS.

The school-bell rings with cheerful sound,
To hasten the slow, laté comer;
"Tomorrow we'll play,"
It seems to say,
"Hurrah for the first vacation day!
Hurrah for a merry summer!"

The faithful bell, now the school is done,
Must pause in its daily swinging;
Does it miss the noise
Of the girls and boys
And long to echo vacation joys
With a peal of its wildest ringing?

Soon, over the country far and wide,
There are ripples of happy laughter;
For the children know
Where the berries grow,
Where the purling streams thro' the meadows flow,
And the hurrying brooks speed after.

They know where the mountains lift their heads,
By the great sky-curtain bounded;
And their voices leap
To the craggy steep,
And wake the echoes from out their sleep,
With shouts that are thrice resounded.

They know where the sea lies blue and calm
In the bright midsummer weather;
And they love to stand
On the shining sand,
Where the tide rolls up,—and then, hand in hand,
To plunge in the wave together.

They love to loiter in leafy woods,
And list to the squirrel's scolding,
As they climb to a seat
Near his safe retreat,
Or fall on a couch, all spicy sweet,
Of feathery ferns unfolding.

But, by and by, in the autumn days,
Ere the bee has deserted the clover
When the sound of the bell
Shall rise and swell,
Will the little folk laugh—now who can tell—
To hear that vacation is over?

—*Anna M. Pratt in St. Nicholas for July.*

PERSONAL.

Miss Laura Koenig left the city on Thursday evening to spend the summer with her friend, Miss L'zzie Ludwig, at Winona, Minn.

Mr. J. D. O'Leary, of this city, ticketed the following well known Chicagoans and others this week for Europe: Hon. and Mrs. William J. Hynes, and Mr. Pliney B. Smith, on the steamship "City of New York," sailing on the 16th inst.; Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson, Miss Annie Hamilton, Masters Bertie, William and Ernest Wilson, on the "City of Chicago," July 9; Mrs. Alice Prim, Miss Sallie Prim, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Thomas, and Miss Margaret Buttomer, on the "Alaska," July 8; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. O'Leary, Master John W. O'Leary, Mrs. Annie Owen, Mr. John McDowell, Miss Jennie McDowell, on the "Nevada," July 10.

The Ogden Grove Demonstration.

The executive committee of the United Irish societies met at the club room of McCoy's Hotel last Monday evening. Mr. M. J. Keane was elected chairman, and Messrs. James C. Strain and A. G. Duggan secretaries. Out of thirty five members of the committee appointed by President Francis T. Colby nearly thirty were in attendance, although the night was the hottest of the season. Several new members were added to the committee, among them William C. McClure, John J. Fitzgibbon, Capt. Buckley, and Frank D. Kinsella. General regret was expressed at the absence of Mr. Martin Mulcahy, one of the most active among the Irish Nationalist of Chicago, who sailed with his family for Ireland a few weeks ago. It was moved and carried that the chairman, assisted by a committee of five members, nominate the standing committees who will look after the details of the 15th of August celebration at Ogden Grove, and report the names at next meeting. It was resolved to hold meetings every Wednesday evening until after the demonstration. The next meeting will be held at McCoy's Hotel next Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. All members are expected to be promptly on hand.

Harris Family Fund.

[*To the Editor.*]

LONDON, June 19.—I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt per Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., of your favor of the 4th inst., covering a draft for £3 sterling —the kind contribution of Mr. Jere Howard, of South Omaha, Neb., for this fund. Very truly yours,

JAS. F. X. O'BRIEN, Sec'y.

Mr. Murphy's Testimonial Concert.

The testimonial concert to Mr. J. J. Murphy will be given in the Auditorium Recital Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst. The programme is exceptionally fine, and a very large number of tickets have been already disposed of. Mr. Murphy is a tenor of rare range and power, and he will soon proceed to Italy to finish his vocal education. THE CITIZEN wishes him great success.

Mr. Gladstone and Mitchelstown.

The following correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and the Right Hon. G. A. F. Cavandish Bentinck, M. P., has been forwarded to the Press Association for publication:

3 GRAFTON STREET, W., June 6—*Dear Mr. Gladstone:* As you found it convenient, greatly to my surprise, to leave your place in the house of commons yesterday only two minutes before Mr. Balfour replied to an important question which I had put upon the paper and which was personal to yourself, I feel no hesitation in asking you to correct publicly the statement which you are reported to have made at Hawarden on May 20 with regard to the alleged recovery of Constable Leahy from the injuries which were inflicted upon him by the mob at Mitchelstown, because it appears from Mr. Balfour's answer that so far from being convalescent Leahy has in fact become a complete cripple, and is totally disabled from following any occupation. Let me add that I have not written this letter with a view to publication, but merely to enable you to perform a simple act of justice. Believe me, yours faithfully,

G. C. BENTINCK.

Mr. Gladstone replied as follows:

10 ST. JAMES' SQUARE, June 7.—*Dear Mr. Bentinck:* I have already stated in a letter which I think has been published that I never did, or intended to say that Police Constable Leahy had recovered from the injuries he received at Mitchelstown in the execution of the illegal acts which he, with others, were ordered by their superiors to perform. Having so many grave and certain statements to make I was little likely to cumber myself with one which was not relevant, and on which I had no information. I may have said, and probably did say, that I believed he recovered one thousand pounds, while the deaths of the three men shot in the exercise of their lawful rights had remained without investigation (after the inquest), redress or apology. I am sorry that your question escaped my notice. Believe me, yours faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

P. S.—I apprehend that a statement from me in my place in this matter would not be in order, but I shall endeavor to meet your wish by publishing this letter.

Central Council G. A. A.

A meeting of representatives from the different branches of the Gaelic Athletic Association of this city, met at No. 164 Randolph street, Monday evening, June 23, for the purpose of organizing a State Central Executive Council. The council was successfully formed, Mr. Thomas Jones, No. 487 West Taylor street, being unanimously elected president, and Mr. Richard Wolfe, No. 5158 Wentworth avenue, elected secretary. Everybody present was in favor of the central committee, whose duty it will be to control and affiliate the branches now existing and hereafter to arise in the city and state. Among those present were: Messrs. W. Maloney, Thomas Jones, J. S. Hyland, F. J. Ryar, R. W. Wolfe, William Noonan, T. D. Sullivan, and J. F. Field. The clubs represented among others were, the Emmet, Innisfail, Columbia and Michael Davitt. A committee was appointed to draft by-laws and constitution for the council, and a committee of two to investigate clubs seeking application. There was also a committee of the whole on ways and means, whose special duty it will be to look up grounds to lease for the use of the association. The secretary was directed to write G. A. A., of New York, and negotiate application with them, and also to obtain any other information they may be willing to furnish.

RICHARD WOLFE, Sec'y.

LAKE EXCURSIONS

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich.,

on the elegant new steel side-wheel steamer "City of Chicago" and the "Puritan," leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 a.m., returning to the city at 8 p.m. the same day. Fare for this excursion trip, $1 00. This is the finest trip offered Chicago people. Fine hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives. A steamer also leaves Chicago at 9:30 p. m. daily, close connections are made at the sister cities with the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway, and Vandalia Line. Make dates for excursion parties early. GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, Dock at the foot of Wabash avenue.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

A ROMANTIC AND LIVING INTEREST.

[*Father Cronin's Paper.*]

The handsome volume entitled "Warpath and Bivouac" just published by the Hon. John F. Finerty of THE CITIZEN, fully realizes in the interest of its narrative and the brilliancy of its style all the high expectations formed of its merits by a perusal of its advance circulars. The periods covered are the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition of 1876 and the campaign on the British border in 1879. The story of these stirring events is enhanced by the vivid anecdote and personal charm of Mr. Finerty's gifted pen.

Aside from the delightful entertainment furnished by the recital of the author's thrilling experiences, the volume has an historic value as being a faithful account of what will in all probability be the last great Indian war to take place on this continent. The power of the Redmen was broken in these campaigns and there after their war-cry was destined to fade more and more into the echoes of romantic fiction and legendary story. Hence there is a delicious and living interest in the narrative of Mr. Finerty.—*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[*Irish-American, N. Y.*]

No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more hair-breadth escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers. No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Minneapolis Tribune.*]

Even those unfamiliar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end. It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

FULL OF MARTIAL INCIDENT.

[*Richmond, (Va.) Times.*]

Its compilation is most undoubtedly from life pictures of the cruel war between the civil and hostile nations, and no energy but the true Chicagoan, and no pluck but the genuine American, could have induced an historian to ride like a trooper across the far western morass and prairie, live like a soldier, and, in fact, everything except "die like a soldier," smoke the pipe with Spotted Eagle, meet in council of war Sitting Bull, and dodge the tomahawk of Painted Face. All this did Mr. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, that his paper and this work should teem with the events of the bloody period. The work, as its name would indicate, is full of martial incident, heroism and daring. There is no lack of "heavy villians" in the very live plot, and romantic situations abound.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

AN ARMY FROM ALL MILITARY COUNTRIES.

[*Illinois Staats Zeitung.*]

Although the majority of the officers of our small army are native born, its composition as regards the noncommissioned officers and privates is more promiscuous than Wallenstein's army in the Thirty Years' War. And in this respect this small army is the most remarkable of all armies of the present day.

A true and interesting picture of this is given by John F. Finerty, of Chicago, who as correspondent participating in Indian battles under Crook and Miles became thoroughly acquainted with the American frontiers' military, which later he did not fail to keep track of, and about which he in his lately published and excellent book, "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," relates all sorts of narratives worthy of repetition, although somewhat carnage tinted.

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 480 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

A LOVE LETTER.

A letter, love, a letter, love,
I want to write a letter,
And every line a link should be,
As every word a fetter.
To bind your heart, by love's own art,
To one who loves you better

Than all the world. Although between
Your city and his prairie
A thousand miles do intervene,
Fair fancy proves a fairy;
To bring your face, your tender grace,
Your truth that cannot vary.

A letter, love, a letter, love,
I want to write a letter,
And every line a link should be,
As every word a fetter,
To bind your heart, by love's own art,
To one who loves you better

Than all the world. But still I pause,
With precious moments palter,
And fear to tell you all because
I fear to fail and falter,
Lest one who lays, with humble gaze,
His tribute on an altar.

So take the few poor words I send,
And read the lines between, dear,
And like a lenient lady lend
Your love to make them mean, dear.
All lips would speak to brow and cheek
Could heart behold its queen, dear.
—Kate M. Cleary in New York Ledger.

THE CAPTAIN'S GRIP.

An old California friend—John Wilson, let us call him for convenience—had been strolling about New York, refreshing his memory, visiting new points of interest and generally "taking in" the sights. In piloting him round the city I naturally stumbled upon the Eden Musee, and took him in to see the grisly groups and tableaux in the crypt. He was very much interested in them and repeatedly expressed surprise and admiration at the skill of the workmanship and the artistic and realistic effects of the grouping and attitudes. Having worn the blue during the civil war he was especially attracted by the representation of Custer's last fight; but I observed that he could hardly take his eyes off a group of figures in oriental costumes, and that for some minutes after examining that group he continued grave and absent minded. Presently, at luncheon, I asked Jack what particular memory that oriental tableau had stimulated. I put the question advisedly, because I knew that my friend had seen men and cities and experienced many and strange adventures, and all his stories were good, while most of them were apt to be new. So I deliberately angled for a yarn, feeling that it would harmonize better with a cigar than a fresh descent into the streets. Jack, on being questioned, fell once more into his abstracted mood, and, after a minute of silence, said slowly:

"I was thinking of a group I once saw, not composed of wax figures, yet as rigid and motionless, in which an Oriental bore a conspicuous part."

After this beginning, of course, I did not let Jack go until he had told his story, and what he said is now reproduced here:

"After the close of the war I found it impossible to settle down again to humdrum work, but I soon found that if I was in search of adventure it would be necessary to try some other country than my own. The United States was at that time bound to make up for lost time. All the business and money making tendencies of the nation seemed stimulated to the uttermost. Speculation was booming; the war spirit had put unheard of audacity into all kinds of commercial enterprises, and, generally, the hour of the capable had come. I did not happen to be of these. I had a little money, enough to live upon comfortably, and I felt no inclination to go a-grubbing for more. Action, excitement, picturesqueness, the unexpected were what I desired, and I began looking over the world for some situation containing a promise.

"At last I got tired of waiting and tried to compromise with myself by a course of drifting. I drifted to the Pacific coast; then to the Sandwich Islands; from there to Japan, and after a stay of several months in one of the most interesting countries and among the most delightful people I know I found my way to Canton. This was some time after Horatio E. Lay's fiasco. You remember about that? No? Well, this Lay was a blue blooded English diplomatic fellow, who thought he could do a stroke of business for himself by undertaking to organize a fleet for the Chinese government wherewith to put down piracy, at that time very troublesome, especially in and about Kwangtung. Lay obtained some sort of authority, went to England, bought or built a lot of gunboats, fitted them out for service and engaged Capt. Sherard Osborne, a gallant naval officer, to command the squadron.

"But this was not what the Chinese wanted. Their idea was to man the vessels with their own people, and give them native officers, too. Of course, this would have resulted in one of two ways; either the pirates would have captured the gunboats promptly, or the commanders of the gunboats would have gone into partnership with the pirates. That, however, was nobody's business but that of the government, whose subjects were cutting one another's throats. Lay was repudiated; the contracts made by him were rejected, and, finally, Sir F. Bruce solved the difficulty by taking Osborne's flotilla off the hands of the Chinese government. Most of the gunboats were sent back to England, but one at least remained, and the understanding was that the government would buy her if she proved up to her guarantees.

"Now, to test such a boat, it was clearly useless to send her to sea with Chinese officers; and even a Chinese crew could hardly do her justice in the engine room and stoke hole. So it was determined to make a trial trip with a scratch crew of white men; and when I heard that they were looking about for somebody to command her I jumped at the opportunity, and hastened to offer my services. You know I was in the navy before the war, and I had passed a good examination in steam, so felt myself competent to manage this gunboat, which was only a small craft, calculated for shallow waters, and carrying a crew of one hundred men. Well, I had friends, and got the command; and after the usual trouble in scraping a ship's company together, and then drilling them into something like working order, I was ready for sea.

"The Chinese authorities had considered that it would be as well to make the trial trip pay expenses, if possible, by extending the tests so as to ascertain what the gunboat was good for in action. At that time the mouth of Pearl river was infested by piratical junks, which found shelter and easy means of escape in the numerous small islands and estuaries into which the delta of that stream is divided. The pirates usually confined their attentions to the craft of their own countrymen, but occasionally, when the grist was very short or the opportunity very tempting, they would attack some small foreign merchantman; and, in these cases, they made it a rule to kill every soul on board, as the simplest way of preventing those awkward foreign protests which were sure to stir the mandarins up to a serious crusade against them.

"You, of course, understand that piracy in China is not regarded as a heinous crime. The Mongolian view of the business is pretty much that which all the western nations held in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries; only there is less romance and more practicability about the pigtails. Very respectable Chinese business men interest themselves in piracy along the Kwangtung coast, just as staid old English merchants used to interest themselves in smuggling a hundred years ago, and nobody thinks the worse of a man for having been a pirate, provided he has been lucky at it. As to the taking of life, there is so much superfluous humanity in China, and life there is so little worth living for the majority, that public opinion is quite indifferent on the subject.

"While I had been drumming up my crew in Canton I had fallen in with an American skipper who had for some time been sailing a good sized coaster for a wealthy Chinese house. He had his wife with him, and they were both very pleasant people. He was a Cape Cod man, not pretty to look at, for he had the leanest frame and the biggest hands and feet I ever saw. His hands, especially, would have attracted attention anywhere, not only for their size, but for the look of the latent muscular power in them. He was not one of those disagreeable big fisted men who think it a good joke to crush your fingers in shaking hands with you, but when he did shake hands with a restrained, friendly grip you felt the possibilities of his squeeze plainly enough. You will see later on why I dwell upon this physical peculiarity of Capt. Winsar, for that was his name. His wife, I fancy, must have come from the south. At all events she had a southern complexion—a clear pallor—with black eyes and hair and a southern suppleness and grace of bearing. She was not exactly a pretty woman, but decidedly pleasing, and her composure and quiet, gentle manners won upon you steadily. Both of them spoke Chinese fluently, and they gave a favorable account of the people.

"They had a special pet in a Chinese steward named Tin-Ling, a burly, round faced fellow, who would have passed muster anywhere for an honest man but for his eyes. They struck me as treacherous from the first. He never looked anybody squarely in the face, or encountered a steady glance without squirming. I concluded, however, that his employers understood him, and, anyhow, it was no affair of mine. My acquaintance with the Winsars lasted until the captain's vessel, a small bark named the So Kiang, was ready to sail on one of her regular coasting cruises. She would be away some three months, and would visit a number of little ports. I expected to get away about forty-eight hours after her, and the evening before she left I took supper aboard her with the skipper and we drank a farewell glass. As I was going away I happened to see Tin-Ling leaning over the side talking in a low tone to some rough looking men in a sampan alongside, and in a half joking way I said:

"'Winsar, don't you think you trust that fellow too much? If I were in your place, with nobody about me but Chinese, I should keep a pretty sharp eye upon a fellow with eyes as shifty as his.'

"The captain laughed carelessly, and merely said something about Tin-Ling being all right, and so we parted.

"In due time I got away on my gunboat, and down the river we went, the machinery working smoothly and the boat answering her helm smartly. We were armed with two Armstrong guns of small caliber and a couple of Gatlings for close quarters, besides the usual small arms, rockets, etc.—quite enough to keep off any number of Chinese pirates, or to give a good account of them in a square set-to. It was my intention to begin by exploring the nooks and crannies of the Pearl river delta, and I had taken a pilot (an old pirate) who knew those intricate waters thoroughly.

"We reached the mouth of the river, anchored for the night, and next morning at daybreak hove up and began to thread the creeks and estuaries of that region, of course with due caution and the lead always going. The first day brought no grist to my mill, and that evening I brought up between two islets, and, being doubtful of the neighborhood, I kept a boat's crew rowing guard all night, for it was so dark in there that the pirates might have surrounded us without being seen, provided they were quiet enough. However, we were not disturbed, and the second day opened without much prospect of excitement. Probably the pirates had got wind of our expedition and had made themselves scarce. In any case there was nothing to do but to go on, and on we went. The scenery was interesting enough if I had cared for that, but I was fidgeting to try the guns on a mob of pirate junks, and the idea of being fooled was not soothing.

"We were steaming slowly along, dodging and turning to avoid the numerous shoals, when suddenly a peculiar ripping, creaking sound broke the silence. I at once recognized the noise. It was the report of a match lock volley, and it of course indicated a fight somewhere and in all probability an attack by the pirates on some vessel. I waited for the smoke to rise, and thus ascertained the scene of the difficulty, whatever it was. The white smoke showed above the trees about four miles off in a straight line as nearly as I could judge, but how far that meant by water it was quite impossible to tell. My delta pilot, who had pricked up his ears like an old charger on hearing the firing, told me he knew where the fighting was going on and could take me to it, but it would require a full hour to get there. There was no help for it, of course. We could not straighten or shorten the winding channel, nor could we clap on full speed. The firing meantime continued in a queer spasmodic way, and at intervals the rattle of the matchlocks was punctuated by a much clearer, sharper sound, which I felt sure was that of a rifle or a revolver. This made the case more serious, for it looked as though the pirates were attacking a foreign (that is, European) vessel.

"It was tiresome work crawling through these passages, and I was afraid we should be too late for help in rescue after all. But at last we rounded a bluff point and came suddenly into a sort of lagoon, three times as wide as the average passages, and then we saw what all the fuss meant. There lay my friend Winsar's bark the So-Kiang, fairly surrounded, at a distance of a hundred yards, by vicious looking junks, which were peppering her at leisure, but not yet venturing to board her. Probably they had suffered from Winsar's fire and concluded to keep on shooting from a distance until they had killed or wounded him and the boatswain, they being the only white men on the trader. Winsar's Chinese crew seemed to have taken no part in the fight; at all events they were not visible. The attacking junks were so occupied in baiting poor Winsar that they did not see the gunboat for a few moments, and I had time to give them one smashing discharge from both the Armstrongs and both the gatlings before they recovered their scattered wits and sprang to sweep and sail in desperate hurry.

"I suppose I ought to have armed my boats and chased the ruffians, but I was feeling uneasy about Winsar, whose rifle I had not heard for several minutes, and I remembered, too, with fresh misgiving, the sinister looks of the pet steward, Tin-Ling. So after driving half a dozen junks ashore I drew alongside of the So-Kiang, piped away the cutter and went aboard her. The first thing I noticed was that the deck was deserted. The next sign I looked for was marks of blood, but there were none. This seemed to indicate that the crew had not risen upon the captain, and perhaps also that he had not been wounded. But, if alive, where was he? Silence reigned throughout the vessel. I went down the companionway into the cabin. There was no sign of life there. I of course knew the position of the captain's cabin and hastened toward it. Coming out of the glare of the sun my eyes could not instantly adjust themselves to the semi-darkness of the cabin, but by the time I reached the door I could see well enough, and the scene that met me on the threshold brought me to a dead halt.

"This is the tableau I there saw: On the standing bed place lay the body of Mrs. Winsar, the face white, still, fixed, with horror in the wide open eyes. A thin stream of blood had trickled down her breast. Over her, in the act of striking, leaned Tin-Ling, his right arm extended, with a long knife in the hand, and the point of the blade suspended not two inches above Mrs. Winsar's heart. Holding the assassin in an iron grip, one tremendous hand enveloping his throat, the other clasped about the wrist of his knife arm, stood Capt. Winsar. His form was drawn to its full height; his eyes literally blazed from a face white as death, and he stood as if turned to stone. His steward was as motionless. There were the three actors in this frightful scene, apparently all paralyzed or petrified; and I seemed myself to be stiffening into the same ghastly rigidity as I stood there looking on.

"At last I roused myself and stepped into the cabin. My movement broke the captain's trance of horror. He gave a deep sigh, recognized me and said wearily: 'Take this devil, Mr. Wilson; he has killed my wife.' With that he relaxed his hold upon Tin-Ling's throat. I looked at the Chinaman, whose head fell limply on his shoulder, and saw at once that he was dead. His neck was broken, and, in all probability, in the very moment Winsar set his grip upon it. How long the captain had stood there, holding the corpse, we never knew, but it was at least ten minutes. As we raised our eyes from the blackened features of the traitor a faint sigh caught my ear, and, turning to the bed, I saw that Mrs. Winsar's eyelids were quivering. 'Captain!' I cried excitedly, 'I don't think your wife is dead, after all!'

"And, to cut a long story short, she was not dead; she was not even dangerously hurt. She had caught Tin-Ling rushing in upon her with his knife, perhaps bent only upon plunder at the moment; but she shrieked, and the steward sprang upon her. Her husband had heard her scream, and rushed below at the very instant Tin-Ling's knife was descending. Its point had cut just deep enough into the flesh to draw blood, when those iron hands gripped him; and I am inclined to think that the death of Tin-Ling could not have been more sudden and painless had the agent been electricity, instead of bone and muscle.

"This was the tableau the figures in the crypt of the Eden Musee recalled to my mind," said Jack Wilson, as we passed out into Broadway again.—G. F. Parsons in New York Ledger.

The Widow Would Be Able to Pay.

Young Doctor to Old Doctor—Doctor, I have told you how I am treating that patient. Do you think I should change the course of treatment any?

"Has he got any money?"

"No, but his life is insured."

"Well, just continue your present treatment."—Epoch.

LIFE OF A CAR HORSE.

HOW THE STOCK IS SELECTED AND KEPT IN CONDITION.

The Average Animal Has a Pretty Fair Life—The Work Is Hard, but He Gets Excellent Care Generally—How Horses Are Selected.

Much pity is wasted on the street car horse. People have got into the way of imagining that he works about twelve hours out of the twenty-four, that he is harshly treated and poorly fed, and that, in fact, his whole life, from the time he leaves the country until he is sold, worn out, to the jobber, is nothing more or less than the most disheartening kind of a "demnition grind." The idea is entirely erroneous. While he does work the street car horse works hard, but he is never overtasked. He represents so much money, and the aim of his owners is to make him last as long as possible. With this end in view, and profiting by experience, the managers of car stables have reduced the working hours of the stock to a minimum, made great improvements in the system of feeding and established rules, the proper fulfillment of which insures to each animal just as much care and attention as his more fortunate brethren in the upper circles of equine society are wont to receive.

The car horse is all right. Less pity and a little more consideration would about suit his book. For instance, if some people, the majority of whom are of the gentler sex, would occasionally condescend to walk half a block instead of compelling him to make additional and unnecessary stops and starts, he would be profoundly grateful. In his case it is the first few steps which cause him the most trouble, and the less of this kind of exercise he has the better he is pleased. As a rule he is well treated by the driver, for cruelty detected generally means instant dismissal.

A BUYER TALKS.

In search of information relating to the daily life of the car horse, the writer a few days ago called upon Mr. Newberry S. Frost, who does all the buying of live stock for the Atlantic Avenue Railroad company. Mr. Frost was quite willing to let the public into his confidence, and this is what he said:

"We have at present in our various stables somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,600 horses, all of which were raised in the west. We used to get our stock from this and neighboring states, but now it is chiefly drawn from Iowa, Missouri and Illinois. The horses are brought on in droves and sold in New York. What we want and try to get is a closely built animal from 15.1 to 16 hands in height and weighing from 1,050 to 1,200 pounds. Under the former figure they would not be up to our work, and if above the latter they would be apt to wear themselves out entirely too soon.

"As to price I should say that the average would be about $150. A great number of what we call ranch horses, that is horses raised on the plains, have been disposed of for something like $120. We do not buy any ranch horses. They are hardy enough, but have not the weight for railroad work. All our horses are raised on farms. They are carefully selected and not finally accepted until they have satisfactorily undergone a ten days' trial. There are plenty of horses which are suitable for agricultural work, but which are of no account whatever between the tracks. In regard to age, we do not take horses under 5 nor over 8.

WHAT GOOD CARE HAS DONE.

"An animal that is sound in wind and limb will last, with proper care, about five years. Some last a great deal longer, but that is near the average. We have some few now that we have had over twelve years, and they are still in good condition. It would not be out of the way to state that the working life of a street car horse has, by proper attention and careful feeding, been lengthened to the extent of at least a year. Thus we get five years' work now where formerly we got no more than four.

"I cannot tell exactly how many hours constitute a horse's working day or night, but the distance run by each is about sixteen miles. The speed maintained is six miles an hour, and this rate has to be kept up whether the car be empty or filled. It is steady work and hard, but it is the starting which tells most heavily on the horses. Their feet generally give way first, and when the feet are unsound the animal is no longer of any use to us.

"Condemned horses are sold to dealers who make a specialty of buying from railroad companies, and by these men are sold again to farmers and peddlers. A great many go to the country, for the farmers would just as soon have them as higher priced animals. A horse which is not fit to keep up a six-mile-an-hour gait may still do good work on a walk, and that is as fast as the farmers and peddlers want them to go. To each of our horses is fed fifteen pounds of a mixture of ground oats and corn and nine pounds of hay each day. The meal is mixed in the proportion of two bushels of corn to one of oats. Some horses eat more than others, of course, and individual appetites must receive consideration, but the figures given are about the average. Stable foremen are selected on account of their practical knowledge of horses, and over all a veterinary surgeon has supervision."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Down on a Term.

The Chicago board of health is down on the term "heart failure," and will no longer accept it in a death certificate. "Heart failure" signifies no more than lung failure, stomach failure, brain failure, or lots of other things, but was falling into use to cover the ignorance of doctors.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much Progress.

Mr. Chipps (looking up from the paper)—The doctors have discovered another new disease.

Mrs. Chipps—Well, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism.—New York Weekly.

Yes! Grand-Pa, I'm a soldier and you'r my pris'ner here,
But I'm not going to hurt you, so you need have no fear.
Just sit and take it easy, you are not scared I hope,
Only you must surrender, to
General SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
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THE LADIES SPOKE FRENCH.

Unfortunately Some of Their Fellow Travelers Did Also.

A beautiful example of the sublime faith some people have in the superiority of their attainments over those of the people by whom they are surrounded, and of the confusion which occasionally ensues when it transpires that such faith has been misplaced, was presented in a railway car recently.

A lady and gentleman, the spic-and-span newness of whose apparel and belongings and the flawlessness of whose courtesy to each other bespoke their freshly wedded state, were speeding along in the express from Boston. At one of the stations they alighted and presently returned, accompanied by a young lady who was evidently the sister of the bride. During their brief absence their places had been taken by new comers and it was necessary for the party to distribute itself through the car. The sisters pouted a little at being separated by the aisle, and craned their heads across to whisper to each other.

They seemed to have a great deal to say. This was proved when they hit upon the happy expedient of conversing in French. From this time they sat comfortably erect and talked across in tones sufficiently loud to be easily heard above the noise of the train. Their French was not that of the salons. It had probably been acquired in the nursery from some voluble bonne. But it proved all sufficient for the transmission of the most confidential tales of the young wife's brief matrimonal career. It transpired that she was on her wedding journey, and not having seen her sister since the day when she started out in a rain storm of rice and slippers she had much to impart, and the particulars were thrilling. They talked in the somewhat thin, fine voices which are characteristic of "Down east" maidens, and which penetrate like a child's treble.

When an occasional stop was made they were too interested to pause, and did not even lower their tones, they felt so sure everybody else in the car could only understand United States. The wife had disclosed the whole history up to the present time when the train came to a stop in the Grand Central depot. Then in the sudden hush a gentleman and lady who had been sitting near by exchanged a few sentences relative to their luggage and plans and spoke in correct and fluent French. As their accents fell upon the ears of the authors of les confidences the effect was marvelous, and the girls turned and fled like the Assyrian host, leaving their belongings to be collected by the young husband, who had understood nothing and seemed wholly mystified.—New York World.

A Way to Subdue Dogs.

A gentleman who has had a good deal of experience in the management of dogs says that the most vicious brute can be speedily conquered by any powerful odor, especially a pungent odor like ammonia. He tells how he once won a wager on handling a dog that few persons could approach. It was in a little town in Canada. The conversation being on the subject of dogs, the proprietor of the inn where he was stopping laid a wager that his visitor could not put his hands upon a dog chained up in the back yard.

"All right," said the visitor, "but as a matter of precaution for the protection of my hands I will go upstairs and put on a pair of gloves."

"I put on a pair of old buckskin gloves," says the gentleman, in telling the story, "and saturated the right hand with ammonia. We then went out to the dog, and at my approach he rushed from his kennel with open mouth. As soon as he got within reach I thrust out my right hand. Instead of biting it he turned tail and ran back into his kennel. Then I went to the kennel, and putting my hand inside made him come out again. The secret of the matter is that a dog can't bite without drawing in his breath, and as he does so he inhales the ammonia, which partially suffocates him and subdues for the time being his biting propensity. Some dogs may be subdued with cologne."—New York Times.

They Are Like New Yorkers.

A New York man in Philadelphia the other day dropped into a Chestnut street restaurant for dinner, and was surprised at the viands mentioned on the bill of fare. "Waiter!" "Sah?" "Do—do Philadelphians eat fishballs and buckwheat cakes for dinner?" "De Fillydelphians, sah," responded the waiter, sizing up his guest, "am like de New Yorkers; wot dey wants dey has."—New York Tribune.

It Was the Cat.

Bobby—How did you manage to get the bowl of cream?

Tommy—Told ma I saw the cat put her nose in it.—Epoch.

The Antiseptic Power of Coffee.

Dr. Luderitz has recently made a number of observations on the destructive power of coffee upon various microbes. He found that the organisms all died in a longer or shorter period—e. g., in one series of experiments anthrax bacilli were destroyed in three hours, anthrax spores in four weeks, cholera bacilli in four hours, and the streptococcus of erysipelas in one day. It was, however, remarkable that good coffee and bad coffee produced precisely similar effects. He believes, that as previous observers have suggested, the antiseptic effect of coffee does not depend on the caffeine it contains, but on the empyreumatic oils developed by roasting.—Montreal Star.

Heat of the Body.

That animal heat is due to combustion was first recognized by Lavoisier, who was unable to determine whether the combustion takes place in the lungs at the place where the oxygen is absorbed or throughout the entire system. Bertholet, in a late paper on the subject, states that one-seventh of the heat is produced in the lungs, and six-sevenths in the system by reactions of oxidation and hydration. The temperature of the blood in the lungs is raised by absorption of oxygen, while the return of carbon to a gaseous state and the evaporation of moisture tend to lower it.—Herald of Health.

A New Way to Cut Beefsteaks.

A young married couple have just gone to housekeeping on Duffield street. The other morning the neighbors were treated to this bit of colloquial entertainment as the two parted at the gate:

He—What shall I order for supper, precious?

She—A piece of beefsteak, and oh, darling, do tell the man to cut it the right way of the goods, so it will be tender.—Detroit Free Press.

The Chinese Idea.

"Give me all the sleep I want and all the fish I can eat and let no one ask me for money, and I care not what becomes of the world at large," is the philosophy of the average Chinaman at home.—Detroit Free Press.

An English-American Joke.

In London there is a joke going the rounds of the clubs under the libelous guise of an American joke. They tell of the cremation of a certain Yankee, who, just before yielding up the ghost, expressed the wish that his dead body should be committed to the flames. Accordingly therefore the corpse was duly conveyed to the crematory and, in the presence of a large concourse of bereaved friends, consigned to the glowing chamber in the midst of the roaring furnace. The corpse had been in the furnace half an hour, when the sorrowing friends, impelled by a morbid curiosity, slyly opened the door and peered in to see how the melancholy work of cremation was progressing. Thereupon, to the surprise of all, the corpse sat up in the coffin, stark, blue and shivering, and cried out: "Please shut that door—you know very well I never could stand a draught!"—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Ornamental Tiles.

The art of making the ornamental tiles which are so often laid in floors and used for various decorative purposes seems to have taken its rise during the latter half of the Twelfth century, but tile work was not generally used before the middle of the Thirteenth. Mosaic work, which is much older, was done by an entirely different process. The tiles were made of clay and baked; the mosaics were made of stones of different colors.—Youth's Companion.

At the Concert.

Isolde—That is music worth listening to, isn't it?

Manrico—I don't care much for it.

Isolde—I don't say that I like it, but I say it is music worth listening to.—Puck.

Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue (New York) Presbyterian church, has been nearly twenty-three years its pastor, and in that time has been absent from the pulpit but twice on account of sickness.

Everything Goes.

Lincoln's most intimate friends declare that he never made use of one out of every ten expressions credited to him. These expressions were mostly concocted by Washington correspondents and story tellers, but everything goes when a man gets the reputation.—Detroit Free Press.

The Cause of It.

Ethel—How restless and full of movement that actress is!

Maud—You would be full of movement, too, if you had on as many real diamonds as she has and were trying to make them sparkle.—Chatter.

ORIGIN OF THE CENSUS.

MOSES TOOK THE FIRST ONE IN THE WILDS OF THE DESERT.

How the Citizens of Greece Were Counted Under the Direction of Solon—Exact and Complete Information First Obtained by Augustus Cæsar.

The most ancient statistical record of the kind is that of Moses in the wilderness. That enumeration must have been exceedingly simple, as shown by the first chapter of the fourth book of the Pentateuch. "Take ye," says this account, "the sum of all the congregations of the children of Israel after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls from 20 years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel: thou and Aaron shall number them by their armies."

The names of the chief enumerators are also given, those who assisted Moses and Aaron being "the renowned of the congregation, princes of the tribes of their fathers, heads of thousands in Israel." Then the enumerators "assembled all the congregation on the first day of the second month and they declared their pedigrees after their families by the house of their fathers, according to the number of names, from twenty years and upward, by the polls." This enumeration must have been an affair soon over, requiring probably no more than a day's time, being merely a counting of the heads of the fighting men. There was no counting of women or children or old men or cripples, and "the Levites were not numbered among them." Those who did stand up to be counted numbered 603,550.

THE CENSUS IN CHINA.

There is record of a census in China as far back as the year 2042 B. C., and of one in Japan the last century before Christ. Under the constitution of Solon the citizens of Athens were divided and registered into four classes according to the amount of their taxable property or income. The Roman census was burdened with more statistics than any of these simple enumerations. It originated under Servius Tullius, sixth king of Rome, and was an affair of much solemnity. It is not at all likely any man or woman was found sufficiently lost to fear of consequences to make faces at census officers or withhold desired information.

Every citizen had to appear upon the Campus Martius and declare upon oath his name and dwelling and the value of his property under the penalty of having his goods confiscated and of being scourged and sold for a slave. There was no trouble about having such a census full and complete. It had the benefit, too, of making the people to be counted anxious to find the census man, while he was not put to the labor of going from house to house to find the people. Augustus Cæsar, who had a great head for detail, when he had the population numbered greatly enlarged the scope of the census and improved the method of taking it.

The census of modern Europe is comparatively recent. No exact popular enumerations were made in the Seventeenth century, but in the Eighteenth great progress was made in the development of statistical science. In Russia the taking of the census in a crude way began in 1700, and in 1719, under Peter the Great, though improvement had been made, females were omitted from the enumeration.

IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

Census taking in Prussia dates from the time of Frederick William II. The Prussian census of today is very exact and complete. It is taken by civil officers in one day by means of printed schedules. The first census in Austria was taken in 1754, and for 100 years was taken each three years for military purposes only. In Sweden the science of statistics has been particularly cultivated, and Belgium ranks among the first nations of the world in completeness of its national statistics. In Italy the returns of this character are very complete, the range of inquiries having been greatly extended. The movement of the population is determined from civil registers kept by the municipal authorities. In Turkey enumeration is imperfect, the chief object of taking it being to provide a basis for taxation and conscription. In France the first census of which records are extant was taken in 1700.

Of course, as in everything pertaining to statistics, work of that kind is thorough in France. The first census of Great Britain was taken in 1801, and embraced the sex, but not the age, of all subjects. The families and occupations were classified, so as to exhibit the number employed in agriculture, in trade and manufactures or handicrafts and those not comprised in the classes. Blanks or householders' schedules are now left all over the kingdom by an army of enumerators, and these are required to be filled up on the night of April 2, and are collected by the enumerators the following day. The police assist in enumerating the houseless population. The army and navy are returned by the naval and military authorities.—Indianapolis Journal.

Man's First Love.

Probably your first love and your first watch were contemporary; they generally are. Have you forgotten the 12-year-old coquette for whose sake you forswore solid food, and moped disconsolate in solitary places, and coveted unattainable personal adornments and longed to be 21? Of course, you have not. A dozen tides of passion may have surged through your heart since then, but they have not washed away the memory of your "calf love."—New York Ledger.

William Waldorf Astor has employed artists at an expense of something like $10,000 to illustrate one copy of each of his novels. These copies form a private edition de luxe, each one being labeled "my personal copy" and occupying a prominent place in his library. Verily few can thus indulge in the embellishment of their own literature.

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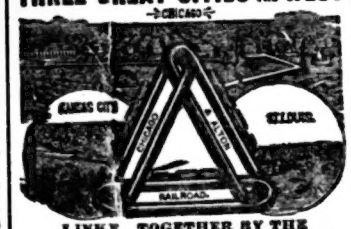

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Smith, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 506 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21, South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 550 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackermaa, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krants, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 652 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doran, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 356 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin.Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hobad, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., John Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Austin Clark; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Talt, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connelly Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres., Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1036 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P., J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2504 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonsconing, Maryland.
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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.
County Delegate, John Bigane, Brighton Park, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.
County Treasurer, Phill, Dolan

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec

A Child's Feat.

A retired general of the Union army, who lives in a small town in the interior part of the state, was talking about New York's children. "I am a countryman myself," he said, "and I have a small acquaintance with the ways of the town. Perhaps that is one reason why I can never get accustomed to the extraordinary wisdom of the little people of New York. Like many another old fogy I am still practically afraid of a waiter. When I go into a restaurant it makes me nervous to have a waiter standing and watching me and with a crowd around, and I find it almost impossible to order anything else than beefsteak and fried potatoes from a bill of fare. A few days ago I took my little niece down to Governor's island to see some of the big guns and other paraphernalia of war. On the way back in the elevated train she said:

"'Uncle, if you are a general you must have a great deal of money.'

"'What makes you think so?'

"'Because generals own forts and islands and big cannons and all that. It seems to me that if you have so much money you ought to spend some of it on me.'

"'How?' I asked.

"'Well,' said the little girl thoughtfully, 'I don't know which I would rather have, a new pair of gloves or lunch all alone with you at Delmonico's. I think, however, I prefer Delmonico's.'

"We discussed it all the way to Twenty-third street, and as she finally made up her mind to the luncheon I took her over to the restaurant and placed her in a big chair—she is less than 8 years old and her chin barely rose above the edge of the table—and prepared for lunch. She took the bill of fare, glanced over it and glibly ordered raw oysters, shad roe, cucumber salad and broiled chicken, with asparagus and green peas, and teased me half an hour to give her a sip of champagne. Imagine any child 8 years of age anywhere else ordering a lunch of that sort. She succeeded better at her time of life than I, after sixty years of work in this vale of tears, and had acquired one of the most difficult feats of civilization, that of ordering a dinner."—Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Picture of Modern Life.

Some half dozen years ago I knew a man who was hard, stern, grasping; who never allowed a dollar to slip through his fingers; whose faithful wife worked early and late that he might not have to spend an unnecessary cent. Many and many a time have I seen her on her knees, cleaning her floor with a brush; I have seen her, too, stand up and put her hands to her back and moan with pain. I have seen her paint her own floors, and paper her own walls, and beat her own carpets, with great, rough hands and red arms bared to the blistering winds. Well, let me tell you how she was rewarded.

After years had worn by in toil and care, with never a caress or a word of appreciation or a ray of pleasure, this unhappy couple bought a lot in a fine location and builded thereon a beautiful home—one that excited admiration in every breast. It was all finished and elegantly furnished. The lawn was the loveliest in the whole city, with fountains playing upon it from morning till night; the greenhouse was filled with rare flowers. Oh, each time I passed that house I broke a commandment. When it was ready for occupancy the poor, tired, worn out wife sickened, and on the very night she was to have moved into her new house she gave one long sigh and went home to a land whence there is no returning.

In five months her husband had married again, and everything that had been planned with such patient hope and love had to be changed to please the new mistress, while the old one with the broken heart lay with care lined face and hard, work worn hands out in Lone Fir cemetery. This was the first picture of its kind that I ever saw, but I have since found admirable copies of it hanging along the walls of life.—West Shore.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

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ESTATE OF DAVID DUNNE, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of David Duane, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1890, being the 18th day thereof. MAURICE J. DUNNE, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, June 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF GEORGE M. MITCHELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of George M. Mitchell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. CHARLES S. EVELAND, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, May 16, 1890.

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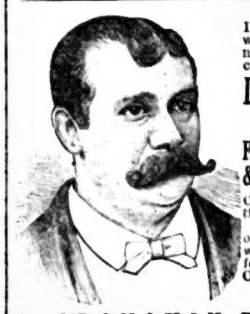

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ESTATE OF JOSEPH BURNS, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph Burns, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1890, being the 18th day thereof. THOMAS MORAN, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, June 23, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. Mary A. Donnelly, Administratrix of the estate of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, vs. John F. Donnelly, Mary V. Donnelly, Bernard P. Donnelly, Daniel Donnelly, Margaret Donnelly, and David J. Donnelly, minors. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered, in the above entitled cause, on the 25th day of June, A.D. 1890, on the petition of the said Administratrix to sell the real estate belonging to said estate to pay debts, I will, on Tuesday, the 29th day of July, A. D. 1890, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the east main entrance of the Court House, on Clark street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which was, of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot number Forty-one (41) in Block Two (2) in B. Shurtleff's subdivision of the north half (N ½) of Block Twenty-two (22) in the Canal Trustees' Subdivision of Section Thirty-three (33), Township Thirty-nine (39), North, Range Fourteen (14), East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian.

Said real estate will be sold subject to the dower and homestead rights of the widow of said deceased. No deed will be delivered to the purchaser until the sale shall be approved by said court. Terms cash. MARY A. DONNELLY, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, June 26, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK — ss. Probate Court of Cook County. To the August Term, A. D. 1890. In the matter of the application of Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, vs. Patrick Seery, Timothy Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Affidavit of the non-residence of John Seery, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the clerk of said Probate Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said John Seery that the said petitioner, Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, has heretofore filed her petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Fourteen (14) in sub block Four (4) in Carter H. Harrison's subdivision of Blocks One (1) and Two (2) in the subdivision of Section Nineteen (19) Township Thirty-nine (39) North Range Fourteen (14) east of the third principal meridian in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the August Term, A. D. 1890, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said John Seery, shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said county, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of August, 1890, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT, Clerk.

M. E. Ames, Complainant's Solicitor, Room 6, 81 Clark-st.

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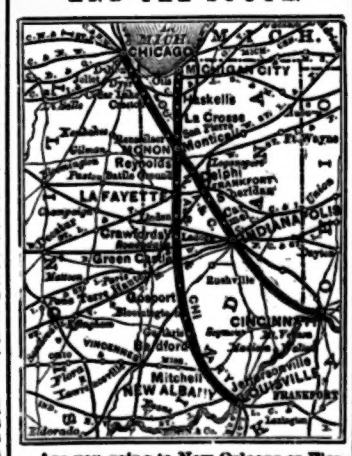

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